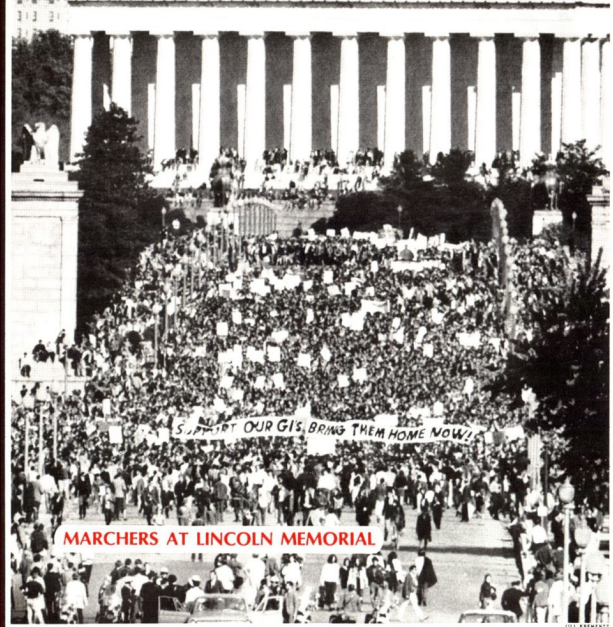


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

PROTEST! PROTEST! PROTEST! PROTEST!
A Week of Antiwar Demonstrations



MARCHERS AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL

VOL. 90 NO. 17

OCTOBER 27, 1967

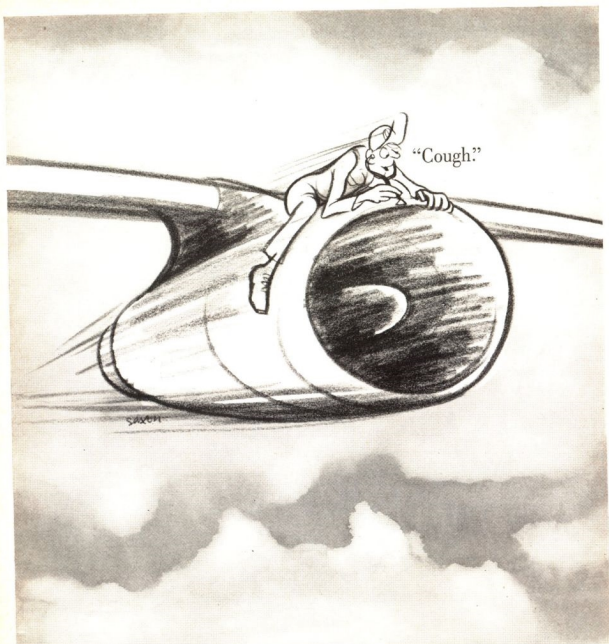
At the end of a great day,
the taste of
a great Kentucky Bourbon

*It's an
Old Forester
kind of day*



At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS' CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY © 1967



We have what we think is a pretty wild story for you.

We are now testing a way to watch the inside of a jet engine — while you're flying.

This new system is a hook-up of electronic monitoring instruments.

And it records functions of

an engine that no one could ever "see" before.

Which means we will be able to spot a part that is likely to act up, long before it becomes a problem.

This system will be used when the engines are started, during the take-off and climb,

and while you are cruising.

It will be pretty much the same as getting an electrocardiogram every day.

It has taken American some 6 years to develop this system.

We will be glad to show any airline that is interested just how it works.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)

INTERPACE wants your grandchildren to have cool, clear water

On a hot summer day in 2017 your grandchildren may satisfy their thirst with clean water provided by reinforced concrete pipe made by INTERPACE. This New Jersey-headquartered company is working

now on water shortage problems of 50 years from now.

INTERPACE is a progressive organization supplying pipe for water resources development throughout the world, often in remote areas. They need progressive insurance protection and on-the-spot service. They need open lines of communication between their job supervisors, their top management and their in-

surance carrier.

They get this and more with National Accounts handling by Employers Insurance of Wausau, the people who know business insurance like nobody else in the business.

Services are coordinated, reports made to top management. It's the professional way, the Wausau way.

Get the full Wausau Story now—for your company's future.

With 202 offices, Employers Insurance is able to help International Pipe & Ceramics Corporation (INTERPACE) throughout the country. When the pipeline shown here is finished, water will be provided for Springfield, Mass., into the 21st century.

**Employers
Insurance
of WAUSAU**



the business insurance people



Air condition my home after summer is over?



YES! YORK offers a special finance plan. Up to 5 years to pay. No down payment. Pay nothing 'til Spring.

Now is the best time to have your home completely air conditioned by York—or to replace your old air conditioning system! York's expert Contractor-Dealers have more time... can do the job now, with no delay. Then, you'll be ready for the first warm day next spring. York costs are lower than ever; the total system, including installation, costs less than a good living room suite or carpeting. And you pay nothing until next spring... with up to five years to pay.

New, quieter units! York whole-house cooling systems are completely new—attractive, compact units that take less space. And they're quiet. You hardly know they're running! Advanced York engineering assures many years of trouble-free performance. Remember that so-called "economy" air conditioning can cost more, in troublesome, expensive service calls and parts replacements. With York, you get a truly dependable compressor, backed by a written five-year warranty! So for true indoor comfort and trouble-free operation, air condition now with York!

Mail the coupon today—and we'll arrange for a FREE air conditioning estimate by a York Authorized Dealer. He'll tell you exactly how much it will cost to air condition *now*, during this special York "after summer" program. Don't delay! Offer good for a limited time only.

YORK CORPORATION

York, Pennsylvania 17405

T10277

Yes, I'd like more information on York's special "after summer" air conditioning program.

NAME

ADDRESS

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ZIP

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YORK

air conditioning
and refrigeration

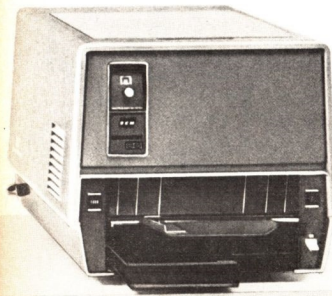
BORG **WARNER**

Cut yo



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...with the new
high-speed
Coronastat 88
desk-top copier.
Crisp, clean, clear
copies every time.



In some offices you could spend your life waiting around for copies.

But not with a new Coronastat 88 around.

The Coronastat® 88™ runs off crisp, clean, clear copies so fast it's like having two copiers instead of one.

It cuts down tie-ups. Speeds work flow. Boosts efficiency. And because it takes less of your secretary's time to make copies, it lowers the cost of every copy she makes.

But the Coronastat 88 copier is more than just faster. It's more reliable, too. With dozens of improvements to surpass even past Coronastat performance.

If you need more than one copy, the new Coronastat 88 lets you dial 1 to 10 copies automatically. Simply dial the number of copies you want and insert your original. Seconds later your copies are ready.

For single copies, you'll want to see the economical new Coronastat 66.™ It's high-speed, too.

So why wait for faster copies, extra performance, greater convenience and increased economy. For a demonstration of the new Coronastat 66 and 88 desk-top copiers call your Coronastat representative today.

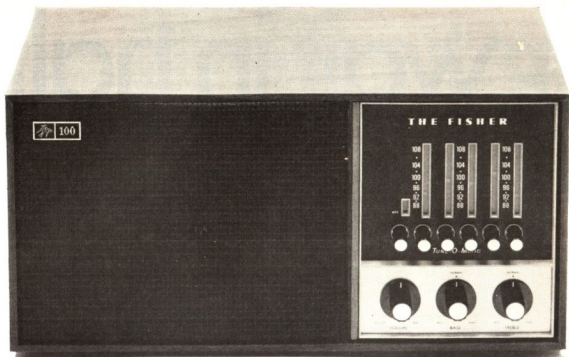
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Division of SCM Corporation
410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Offices in Canada and major cities throughout the world.

Write for your copy of Office Trends,
the newsletter of Better Office Management.

You can't beat the system—Coronastat.





13 1/2" WIDE, 6 1/2" HIGH, 6 1/2" DEEP.

The world's smallest hi-fi system, $\frac{1}{2}$ actual size.

Before the new Fisher 100, small radios weren't hi-fi systems. They were distortion machines that produced shrill, tinny treble and muddy bass. The kind of sound that serious music lovers find intolerable for extended listening.

The Fisher 100, at \$99.95, is different.

It combines a sensitive FM tuner, a powerful amplifier with complete controls, and an acoustic suspension speaker with a huge magnet.

The five tuning dials permit you to pretune your favorite stations and hear them at the touch of a button.

(Instant tuning is accomplished electronically and is extremely accurate.)

Listen to the Fisher 100 at your hi-fi dealer or any store that sells Fisher products. Though it takes up less than half a cubic foot of space, the 100 sounds unmistakably like a Fisher.

It may be the world's smallest hi-fi system, but it's also one of the best.

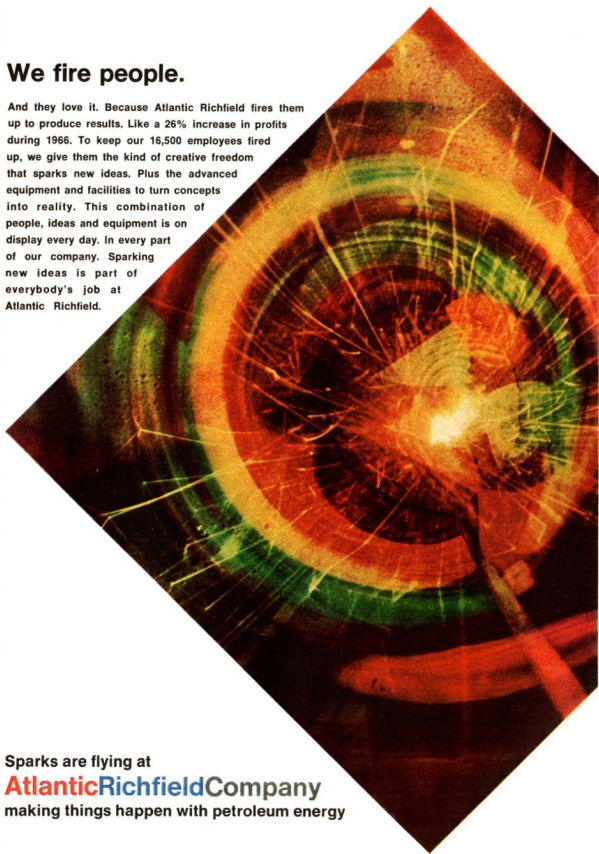
Fisher Radio Corporation, 11-35 45th Road,
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

The Fisher

We fire people.

And they love it. Because Atlantic Richfield fires them up to produce results. Like a 26% increase in profits during 1966. To keep our 16,500 employees fired up, we give them the kind of creative freedom that sparks new ideas. Plus the advanced equipment and facilities to turn concepts into reality. This combination of people, ideas and equipment is on display every day. In every part of our company. Sparking new ideas is part of everybody's job at Atlantic Richfield.

Sparks are flying at
AtlanticRichfieldCompany
making things happen with petroleum energy





This kind of excitement...

is worth looking into.

There's no end to it.

That's how people catch

DODGE fever

'68 Dodge Polara. Brand-new luxury now at popular prices.

There you were, planning to buy another run-of-the-mill automobile. And along came Polara. Low, long and roomy.

How much does it cost, you say, to go really first-class? With seats, big and soft and wide enough to relax in. With the little extra things, like aircraft-type instrument

panel and switches. Deep carpeting and a V8 that knows what get-up-and-go really means.

How much? About the same as popularly priced cars. And with Polara, you get a big-car look, a big-car ride, a big-car feel that smaller cars can't match no matter

what they do.

Moral: You can dress up a popularly priced car. But you can't size it up. We can, though. And we've done it with Polara. The next step is up to you. Chances are, something is happening to you now.

It's called Dodge Fever. You'll love it.



Dodge



Drive safely. It's also contagious.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 25

THE KING AND I (ABC, 7:30-10 p.m.).^{*} Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr in the film version of Rodgers & Hammerstein's musical (1956).

WITH LOVE, SOPHIA (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Marcello Mastroianni, Peter Sellers and Jonathan Winters on a musical visit to Sophia Loren's villa near Rome.

Thursday, October 26

"IT'S THE GREAT PUMPKIN, CHARLIE BROWN" (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Halloween is Linus lying in wait for the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown getting rocks in his trick-or-treat bag, and Snoopy flying to foil the Red Baron. Repeat.

DON KNOTTS SPECIAL (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Only yesterday Don Knotts was a 98-lb. weakling. Today he's star of his own musical-comedy show featuring Andy Griffith, Juliet Prowse and Roger Williams.

Friday, October 27

OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Conclusion of *Lili* (1953), starring Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

JUSTICE FOR ALL? (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Edwin Newman searches for answers among the urban, migrant and rural poor, who have often been denied access to the law. Cameras focus on low-income people in Cleveland, Salinas, Calif., and rural Oklahoma. Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas and local administrators discuss the problems and possible remedies.

JOHN DAVIDSON AT NOTRE DAME (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Singers John Davidson and Judy Collins, Comedian George Carlin and the Notre Dame Glee Club rally for a homecoming-weekend concert.

Saturday, October 28

NCAA FOOTBALL (ABC, 2:15 p.m.). Old rivals Notre Dame and Michigan State bump heads again at South Bend.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). Floyd Patterson v. Jerry Quarry in the last of the quarterfinal elimination bouts for boxing's World Heavyweight Championship, live, from Los Angeles.

Sunday, October 29

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30-12 noon). Host Bill Owen looks into the lives of an Illinois farm family in "The Farm Country (The Middle West)."

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Correspondents interview U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg.

ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *Hud* (1963), starring Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, Melvyn Douglas and Brandon de Wilde.

Monday, October 30

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 9:30 p.m.). Green Bay Packers v. the St. Louis Cardinals at St. Louis.

Tuesday, October 31

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Stranger on the Run*, filmed as part of the "World Premiere" series especially for TV, with Henry Fonda, Mi-

chael Parks, Anne Baxter, Dan Duryea and Sal Mineo.

WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY, WITH HARRY REASONER (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m.). Rose Kennedy conducts a tour of the late President's boyhood home in Brookline, Mass., on "JFK—The Childhood Years: A Memoir for Television by His Mother."

Check your local listings for dates and times of these NET specials.

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH. "On Face Value" poses the question "What is beauty?" Then, for answers, it leads viewers through beauty salons and New York department stores, to a fake-eyelash specialist and a wrinkle remover.

NET JOURNAL. "Report from Cuba" includes summer-1967 footage of speeches by Castro, a meeting of the radical Organization of Latin American States, night-clubbing in Havana, and a carnival in Santiago, birthplace of the Revolution.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, by Harold Pinter. In a season that began with unqualified disasters, this is the first qualified success. A 1958 play written prior to *The Caretaker* and *The Homecoming*, *Party* lacks the dramatic sophistication of tone, tempo and themes of the two later plays. Yet the telltale stigmata are all here—dread, panic, menace, mocking comic absurdity, the evasive unwillingness of people to level with each other. Except for Edward Flanders, the American cast is blunt and plodding when it should be sardonic, cutting and athletic, but Pinter provides prickly excitement and a tantalizing quota of questions without answers.

Off Broadway

SCUBA DUBA is a flagellantly funny first play by Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman about an American screwball whose wife runs off with a Negro during a Riviera holiday. Jerry Orbach is joltingly brilliant as he indiscriminately sprays comic vitriol at countless pet hates. Brenda Smiley is a wriggle delight as a lass with a mini-mind and a Proustian remembrance of flings past.

STEPHEN D. is Irish Playwright Hugh Leonard's attempt to dramatize Joyce's autobiographical tale of Stephen Dedalus. While the richly lyrical Joycean prose pleases the ear, the play is a series of vignettes that fails to bring to life the Artist as a Young Man falling from grace and faith in the fatherland and rising to meet the challenge of the world. While Stephen Joyce (no kin) gives a competent performance as the writer-hero, Stephen remains dead, alas.

RECORDS

Pop

JOAN (Vanguard). Joan Baez, with her arranger Peter Schickele (of *P.D.Q. Bach* fame), has provided one of the most satisfying recordings of the year. She sings songs by some of today's greatest poet-musicians, most of whom are actually—and inaccurately—typecast as rock singers: McCartney and Lennon's *Eleanor Rigby*, Paul Simon's *Dangling Conversation*, and

Tim Hardin's *If You Were a Carpenter*. But a French song, titled *La Colombe* (The Dove), provides the most haunting impact, for it is a beautifully put plaint against the slaughter of wars.

JUDY GARLAND AT HOME AT THE PALACE (ABC). Judy should be living at home in a mansion reading her fan mail, occasionally demonstrating her still top-rate abilities as a comedienne on television and encouraging the careers of her talented children. But she played the Palace again last summer, and that stint, while exhibiting her still vibrant showmanship, displayed only a shadow of the Garland voice: her famous catch-in-the-throat turned into mere hoarseness, and even her magnificent sense of pitch and timing occasionally failed her. This album is a shockingly honest record of her opening night last July. For those Garland fans who date on her tragedy, it's full of ghoulish interest. For those who dated on her artistry, it's too sad to play.

JOHN GARY: CARNegie HALL CONCERT (RCA Victor). John Gary is a nice crooner who nicely sings nice tunes like *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World* and *I'm Sitting on Top of the World*. But those fans who hoped to enjoy sweet singing (a commodity that Gary always supplies) should forget this irritating recording. The high-volume static of a noisy audience destroys whatever atmosphere Gary's voice might have created.

NANCY WILSON: LUSH LIFE (Capitol). This is a great record to play at a cocktail party while talking to someone fascinating about the troubles of being in love. Nancy Wilson has an intrinsic musicality that injects life into essentially bloodless songs like *Midnight Sun* and *You've Changed*, an asset that makes the record as listenable as it is important.

PHIL OCHS: PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR (A & M). Ochs's lyrical sensibility is so subservient to his lyrical exhortations that most listeners will feel that he might as well just stand up and talk. There are glimpses of bitter earnestness, such as "The hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat/And saliva is falling from their smiles," but the lyrics are set in a muddy context, ill-enunciated. Nevertheless, Ochs is a talented rebel; his instrumentation is far-out; and his songs defy most conventions, including the three-minute rule: some last nearly nine minutes.

BOBBIE GENTRY: ODE TO BILLY JOE (Capitol). A first collection of songs by the new belle of the pop world. Bobbie's theme song, bursting on the scene in July, made all sorts of promises that this album doesn't keep. The trouble is that Bobbie must improve on *Billy*, admittedly a masterpiece but not enough of one to cinch the revolution in pop music that it portends. In any case, it is dangerous to underrated Bobbie Gentry, and her initial album might well qualify as a collector's item one day.

CINEMA

ELVIRA MADIGAN. This elegiac pastorate, directed by Sweden's Bo Widerberg, based on the true story of a cavalry officer's hopeless love affair with a circus tight-rope walker, is spare and elegant, with great sensitivity of texture, color and light.

FINNIGANS WAKE. American Producer-Director-Scenarist Mary Ellen Bute, 60, has made a brave effort to translate James Joyce's monumental work, and does re-

^{*} All times E.D.T. through Oct. 28, E.S.T. from then on.



Why does Bostonian
call a shoe that looks this good a Footsaver?



Good looking. Tastefully styled. Built with obvious quality. So why have a name like Footsaver?

Just slip one on, and take a few steps. This is what your feet will find: *Natural Toe Grip*—allows extra freedom for the toes, which act as "balancing agents" for the feet. *Ball Joint Pocket*—gives the ball joint extra freedom when the foot bends. *Natural Arch Rise*—a moulded "lift" in the innersole which helps give extra support to the arch. *Moulded Steel Shank*—helps bridge the area from heel to ball for extra

lift and comfort. *Wedge Heel*—gives gentle rise to the inside of the heel. Helps give natural balance, and reduces strain in standing or walking. *Moulded Heel Cup*—the special shaped heel cushions against shock—helps hold the foot snugly and comfortably in place.

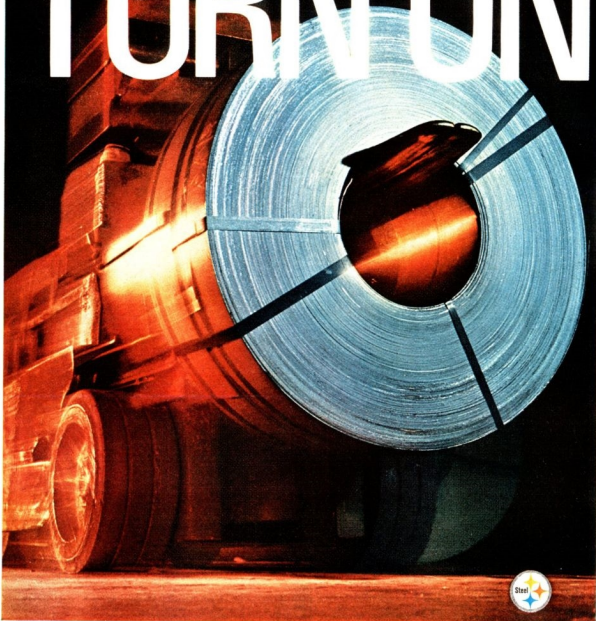
You would hardly believe so many comfort features are inside such a good-looking shoe. Well, they are! But only your feet will know and care. Trouble is, they get so spoiled, no other comfort is quite good enough. Is that so bad?



(Featured) #460; (Left) #464, both in Textured Burnished Brown Calfskin. Also in Black. (Right) #4412, in Wine Corfam®. Also in Black Corfam®. Bostonian Footsavers from \$27.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Write for name of nearest Footsaver Dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass. (*DuPont's registered name for its man-made polymeric upper material.)

Bostonian Footsaver Shoes.
Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand.

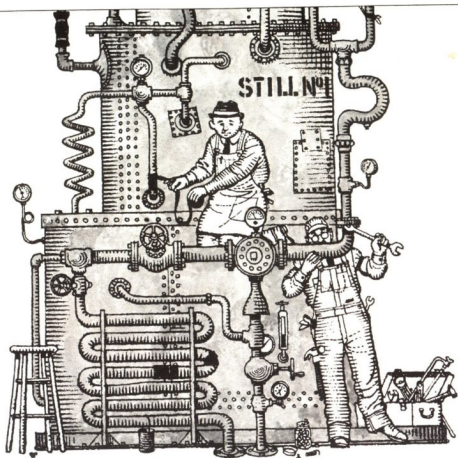
TURN ON



Ever run into production lags because of slow steel delivery? Turn on to full speed ahead and keep it there with a call to Interlake. We've got your steel cooking. Talk about turned on, that's us. 24 hours a day. Our electric and basic oxygen furnaces melt 40 heats a day. We turn out every size, every grade of steel every 48 hours. Including yours. □ Call us. We make steel fast and we make it good.

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IRON AND STEEL DIVISIONS: Pig Iron • Cast Chemicals • Hot and Cold Rolled Sheet and Strip • Electric Weld Line Pipe • Spiral Welded Pipe **ACME PRODUCTS DIVISION:** Steel and Plastic Shipping and Machines • Sticking Wire, Staples and Machines • Intimate Storage • Storage Rack • Shifter Angle • Flexible Conduit **GLOBE METALLURGICAL DIVISION:** Ferroalloys • Silicon Metal **HOWELL DIVISION:** Double Furniture • Commercial Seating • Bed Frames • Woodies and Laminated Furniture Parts



If anybody knows where we can find spare parts for an old Krenz Model 52 brandy still, please drop us a line.

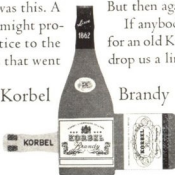
Not long ago, we asked some experts from the university to come down and take a look at our two old copper brandy stills. We were thinking about replacing them with some of the fast, new stainless steel equipment and we wanted an expert opinion.

The gist of what they told us was this. A new stainless steel still, they said, might produce a brandy that would do justice to the champagne and champagne wines that went

into it. But then again, it might not. An efficient new still might produce a brandy worthy of being aged up to five years in white oak casks. But then again, it might not. An efficient new still might produce a brandy that would measure up to a reputation that goes back a hundred years. But then again, it might not.

If anybody knows where we can find parts for an old Krenz Model 52 brandy still, please drop us a line.

Korbel Brandy



KORBEL FINE CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES AND BRANDY—Sec-Extra Dry-Brut-Natural-Pink-80 Proof Korbel Brandy—F. Korbel and Bros., Inc., Guerneville, Calif.



What to say to your child when he asks, “What’s coal?”

It's a fair question. Chances are he's heard of coal but never seen any. And don't start with the when-I-was-a-kid-we-had-to-carry-out-the-ashes routine. He'll probably think you're so old you — why, you probably remember World War II. What you could say is that coal is our most abundant fuel. That over half the electricity generated in our country comes from coal. That coal is vital in making steel. That millions of tons are used in making cement, paper, textiles and other products. What's coal? If you think about it, coal is progress.

BLENDED WHISKY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©SCHENLEY DIST. CO., N.Y. C.



Schenley...



**always in the
center of things**

Naturally! It mixes beautifully...
with soda, ice, people, good times!

Good things happen when you serve Schenley

When an Avis girl winks at you, she means business.

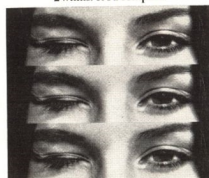
The Avis Winker Code



1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.



2 winks: It's a compact.



3 winks: It's a convertible.

There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

If the Avis girl at the next counter winks at you, you're in business.

One wink means she can put you into a shiny new Plymouth inside of three minutes.

Two or three winks mean you can have a compact or a convertible.

(See Avis Winker Code at left.)

That is your signal to leave the line, come to the Avis counter and get a car without waiting. We will even accept No.1's credit card.

But if the Avis girl winks more than three times, please disregard the message.

It's strictly against company policy.

markedly well within the confines of 94 minutes.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. This splendid, moody film takes place in a penumbral pile of Victorian architecture in a London suburb, where seven orphaned children hide the death of their mother and try to maintain their old life with a mixture of love of one another and fear of the outside world.

THE TIGER MAKES OUT. From the brittle material of his off-Broadway play, *The Tiger*, Murray Schisgal has fashioned a cinematic cornucopia filled with enough laughs to supply an entire season of TV comedies.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS. A *cinéma-vérité*-style recounting of the Algerian guerrilla war against the French during the '50s, in which Italian Director Gillo Pontecorvo has used not one frame of actual documentary film footage, yet manages to make the movie explosively real.

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. A Czech tragicomedy about a World War II railway apprentice who never gets his signals right and a carefree train dispatcher with an express schedule of seductions.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE MANOR, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. A popular Yiddish storyteller proves that he also has the insights of a major novelist in this tragicomedy about the changes that wrench a Polish-Jewish family in the late 1800s.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley. The saga of how an Australian family of

intellectuals tests its illusions against a philistine society, told by a lively social satirist who may be her country's best woman novelist since Christina Stead.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. This brilliant, brooding "meditation on history" takes the reader into the heart of the Virginia slave who led a bloody rebellion in 1831.

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. A deceptively simple story of a man's simultaneous rise and fall, absorbingly told by Golding and buttressing his view that original sin is an anthropological fact.

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. The final volume of their 38-year labor on the story of civilization once again demonstrates the Durants' immense talent for transmuting tireless research into never tiresome storytelling.

THE HEIR APPARENT, by William V. Shannon. Is an often critical, usually dispassionate but at times frankly sympathetic assessment of Bobby and his attempt to bring about a Kennedy Restoration.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, by Joyce Carol Oates. Miss Oates is a throwback to Dreiser—a realistic novelist, telling an old-fashioned story about a girl who puts success before virtue.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. From an unpromising cast of New Orleans drifters and wastrels, the author has fashioned a vibrant first novel.

THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: NUMBER 1, edited by Theodore Solotaroff. An exceptionally good anthology of recent writing—skilled, readable, varied.

O THE CHIMNEYS, by Nelly Sachs. At 75, Nelly Sachs, who lives in Sweden,

writes in German, and was rescued from almost total obscurity by a 1966 Nobel Prize, appears as a powerful singer of the fate of the Jewish people.

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND, by Svetlana Alliluyeva. Stalin's daughter shines a beam of light into dark Kremlin corners as she tells how her friends and family were scythed by purges.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Chosen*, Potok (1 last week)
2. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (5)
3. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (3)
4. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (4)
5. *Topaz*, Uris (8)
6. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (7)
7. *Night Falls on the City*, Gainham (2)
8. *An Operational Necessity*, Griffin (10)
9. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (9)
10. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (2)
2. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (1)
3. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (3)
4. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (4)
5. *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, Alliluyeva
6. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (5)
7. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (6)
8. *The Lawyers*, Mayer (9)
9. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (7)
10. *Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year*, Cobleigh (8)

The exclusive Admiral Flight Deck. Raise the lid and a world of stereo listening pleasure rises to meet you.

Raise the lid and the exclusive Admiral Flight Deck comes up to meet you. All your stereo and record changer controls are right where you want them. At your fingertips. That's convenience. And here's performance: Up to 400 watts of solid state peak power. Admiral's exclusive "Deep Profile" speaker that provides superior mid-range performance to match the booming bass and bell-clear treble. Vari-Gram tone arm. And solid state cartridge. Choose from a wide range of handsome handcrafted cabinets and prices that start as low as \$149.95.*

Admiral Flight-Deck
solid state stereo YS8258,
Mediterranean styling,
genuine pecan veneer.



Admiral
Mark of Quality

*Mfr. suggested retail price. Slightly higher in some areas.

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near



Liven up Winter with an Adventure Vacation in zestful, sparkling Ontario. Ski, skate, toboggan and curl. Watch dog sled races, harness races, ice hockey at its best. Try the new exhilaration of snow cruising, and the traditional camaraderie of horse-drawn sleigh rides. Warm up at crackling log fires on crisp, clear nights. Enjoy luxury resorts with heated pools, lively cities for shopping and exuberant night life. Winter excitement really starts when you cross the border into Ontario.



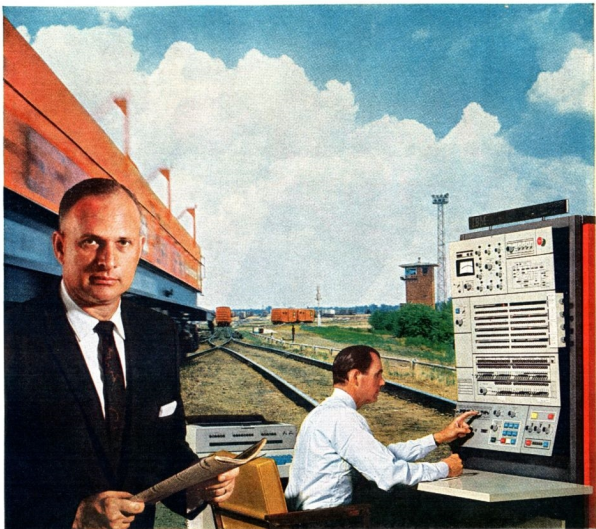
Write for our free Winter and Skiing colour booklets. Department of Tourism & Information, Room 32, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ONTARIO

Canada



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LETTERS

All Those Men in a Tub

Sir: Your article on the Republican presidential hopefuls [Oct. 20], occasioned by the state Governors' trip aboard the S.S. *Independence*, reports an idea about Richard Nixon that I find to be as leaky as the *Independence* is seaworthy. This "can't win" idea just shouldn't be attached to a man who lost the California gubernatorial race in 1962, when the Republican Party there was split between conservatives and liberals, and who came within a hair of winning the presidency in 1960, when the G.O.P. in the South practically didn't exist. This is 1967; the Republican Party is nationally unified and is strong in the South.

ARTHUR CODY

Ridgefield Park, N.J.

Sir: You mentioned the possibility of New York's Mayor John Lindsay's being nominated as the Republican vice-presidential candidate in 1968. It seems inconceivable to me that the Republican Party would so honor a man who in his own campaign went to great lengths to shun the Republican label. While it is true that such men as Nelson Rockefeller and Charles Percy refused to support Barry Goldwater in 1964, these men disavowed a candidate, not the entire Republican Party. With so many other promising Republicans coming to the front of the political picture, the party will hardly be inclined to reward Mr. Lindsay's past and present actions aimed at maintaining his independent image.

DIANE M. FERGUSON

Norwalk, Conn.

Sir: The implication of your review of the Republican candidates was that the American voting public is more concerned with the looks and appeal of a candidate than his views and experience. I think you underestimate the seriousness of the issues confronting our nation and the mentality of the voter.

T. FREEMAN

Morristown, N.J.

Sir: As usual, your pseudo-intellectual, leftist "enlightened Republicanism" has placed a misfit on top. Wishful thinking. That divorced, unhonorable protégé of your ex-boss appeals only to the ignorant and uninformed Eastern Seaboard masses so easily led by Time. Thinking Republicans are conservative and in opposition; the way back to constitutional government requires that we place our faith in God, country and self, not liberalism and material wealth swapped out for basic freedoms. Reagan is a clean top choice. Rockefeller as a vice-presidential candidate would be a necessary evil to carry votes of the misled.

HARRY M. GREEN

Dallas

Drawing a Line

Sir: Senator Dirksen says that "our outer defense perimeter started in Korea and went to South Viet Nam" [Oct. 13]. It would clear the air considerably if we heard a little less about freedom, justice, democracy, treaties, commitments and obligations in our public discussions, and a little more about defense perimeters. Then, for example, we who oppose the war in Viet Nam would not need to bother with moral points which don't interest anybody, or produce pictures of napalmed children;

we could simply point out that our defense perimeter has no business being in Viet Nam.

Senator Dirksen is appalled by the notion that if our line in Viet Nam fails, it will be pushed back to Alaska and Hawaii. Now a line from Alaska to Hawaii strikes me as an excellent line, a natural line, a defensible line, and even, if you wish, a moral line.

Just as France was not undone by clearing out of Algeria, we will survive clearing out of Viet Nam, and as for prestige, it neither wins nor loses battles. This means "abandoning our allies to the tender mercies of the Communists." Yes it does. We have so abandoned millions in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, etc. They have survived it, and so will Southeast Asia.

OSCAR MANDEL
Associate Professor

Division of the Humanities and
Social Sciences
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena

Sir: Public opinion is a freedom; freedom is not presently public opinion. I am awe-struck by the Senators, Governors and "non-candidates" who would rather lose Viet Nam (and thereby Cambodia, Laos and Southeast Asia) than lose a vote.

CHRISTINA FORTIER

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: Although as a professor I am committed to the central importance of free debate, your in-depth presentation of our Viet Nam alternatives in the Con Thien cover story [Oct. 6] showed me that our present national "debate" is intellectually sterile and, worse, physically destructive in its effect on both sides in the war.

In contrast with your factual consideration of alternatives, the debaters only demand emotionally that we stop what we are doing. Certainly it is the irresolution shown by this foolish debate that encourages the aggressor to continue to commit loss suicide in what has turned into history's most senseless aggression. Frustrated by the restrained opposition of the world's most powerful nation in his attempt to take over the resources of the South by naked terrorism and power, he has not only been losing every battle, but losing his own home resources at an ever increasing rate.

If America could show the aggressor that it realizes its only real alternative is a steadfast continuation of its present resistance to his take-over, the moral hem-

orrhaging of Viet Nam, and the bleeding of America, would cease.

HENRY A. SAWYER JR.,
Professor, College of Engineering
University of Florida
Gainesville

Sir: The absurd assertion that our intervention in Viet Nam is necessary because a Communist government there would threaten our security must be repudiated by Americans. The implications are devastating: if tiny Communist Viet Nam is judged such a threat to the U.S. colossus as to justify our war there, then scores of countries can justify pre-emptive wars against unfriendly neighbors. This assertion, like the policy it defends, reveals a neurotic fear of Communism, which poses a far greater threat to our nation and the world than does Communism.

PHILLIPS R. JONES

Amherst, Mass.

Watch on the White House

Sir: The analysis of President Johnson [Oct. 13] was no less than brilliant and spoke succinctly for my own rising sense of concern that a man as powerful and gifted as our President should so often exhibit unabashed emotional immaturity. I have watched President Johnson's manipulative tactics over the years; first with my admiration, then with amusement, and now with a rising sense of alarm. Can a man so ruthlessly concerned with his own interests run our country effectively? Is the cynic right when he claims that in the world of politics, honesty is merely another word for ineffective and that in a dishonest world we need a man less than honest to deal with it? This type of logic seems reasonable but leaves me vaguely uncomfortable. Can it be that we have outgrown the ideals upon which this nation was founded?

MRS. BETTY WASSER

Spokane, Wash.

Sir: If things go well, everyone steps up to take the credit—if things go ill, everyone is quick to blame the President. If he can get that mule-contrary Congress to carry even a small share of general blame (by enacting tax legislation) more power to him. We all holler for peace, security and more, and aren't willing to pay for any of it in any way. Those poll takers never asked me any questions—just once I'd like to meet someone they have queried. All those shooting verbal darts from the sidelines haven't had to put up or shut up as yet, and most of them probably couldn't do as well. I am a registered Republican, a thinking independent, and darn disgusted with a lot

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P. C. TWEETEN

Crestline, Calif.

Bravo & Bloh

Sir: Soon, when the cities are dismantled and our society begins to spread across the continent in one vast suburb, we will see a place for such sculpture as you presented in your cover article on Tony Smith (Oct. 13). These dancing brittle giants are proper accents for the modern "village stores" that will service those sprawling mega-urbs. This is the place for this living sculpture, which should be part of our visual life. It is not for burial in museums, but to be played on by children, sat on by adults, lived with by everyone.

WAYNE A. KALLUNKI

Clearwater, Fla.

Sir: Couldn't you call your article something other than "Sculpture"—if for no other reason than the peace of soul to which Michelangelo is entitled? I could suggest "Gimmickture."

MRS. R. L. RENNER

Ambler, Pa.

Sir: Verily, if gigantism is now the only test of art, let's start all over again with a return to the loveliness of the Indian and Persian miniatures of the 16th to 18th centuries or the French miniatures of Greuze. To the writer's old-fashioned eye, one tiny Meissen piece is worth 10,000 cu. ft. of blah by Tony Smith.

LEONARD A. MONZERT

West Newton, Mass.

Sir: The future of art must be more than a mere confrontation of viewer and creation. Art must no longer be a spectator sport. Rather, it must become a living part of man, challenging him to the day when all men must become artists and thus soar with a vision that is always one day ahead of the times. Tony Smith is doing this.

MICHAEL OPIOLA

St. Louis

Compelling Reason

Sir: In your Essay regarding abortion [Oct. 13], you fail to mention one compelling reason for the legalization of the practice: pregnancies among maladjusted teen-agers and pre-teen-agers. Among our current group of roughly two dozen newly arrived girls there are seven who are carrying unborn children whom they have conceived out of ignorance and irresponsibility or as a result of rebellious retaliation against parents and society. These children will be farmed out or kept and nurtured by unwed, and often unloving young mothers, thus being bred as a new generation of disturbed children. A juvenile is not legally responsible and cannot, supposedly, use her own judgment in directing her life. But she can, in a moment of self-destructive and vindictive impulsiveness, create another human being who will help her strike back at society.

JAMES DEWINTER

Girls' Training School
Adrian, Mich.

Sir: Every woman now has incredible opportunity not to commence a pregnancy; if she fails to use that opportunity, your assumption that her resulting predicament lends itself to making intelligent decisions seems unusually optimistic.

MRS. LEE M. SEITZ

Norwalk, Conn.

TIME, OCTOBER 27, 1967



There was this camel who needed some travel insurance...

This man in Wisconsin had a camel. The camel was about to travel 300 miles last winter. So the man came to us with his camel problem.

"It has never been ridden, isn't used to walking, and has a nasty temper," he confessed. And he wanted to insure his camel against every possible misfortune, from broken legs to pneumonia.

We said no.

"We wouldn't insure our own grandmother against catching cold in Wisconsin in the winter," we said. "Much less a camel." "Kooky

policies, yes," we said. "Poor risks, no. We're a twinkly-eyed, fun-loving group, but staying solvent is what we owe our other customers."

"However," we said to the man with the camel, "if you ship him by truck we can cover your camel against reasonable dangers under our standard trip transit policy simply by describing the camel, within the policy."

(Copies of this historic, one-of-a-kind document available to collectors on request.)

CONCLUSION: If you have a camel kind of problem, we'll adapt a

policy or create a plan geared precisely to your particular, unique, individual needs. Just be a good risk, please.

We sell all kinds of insurance, of course. You don't need a traveling camel. We're in the Yellow Pages, usually.

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Pandora's Box

Sir: I appraise TIME's Essay on "Race and Ability" [Sept. 29] to be a contribution to our national mental health by opening a Pandora's box of important questions. It accurately reports intellectual positions that I deplore and feel may result in great harm to the American Negro and other racial groups. The potentially harmful attitudes show in the phrases, "No one knows," "There is no way to tell," and "Any inquiry is felt to be dangerous." These "can't-don't-shouldn't" slogans characterize what I call inverted liberalism—true liberalism asserts: "The truth shall set you free."

Apparently all improvements in economic conditions and all social-action programs have not during the last two generations made average Negro IQ-test performance gain on whites but instead fall farther behind. Are we somehow unwittingly degrading relative Negro ability? An unpalatable but vital question from the box TIME's Essay opened.

Does TIME really believe that the "No one knows" sentence of its concluding paragraph justifies complacency about ignorance that may lead to unwise and conceivably harmful expenditures of tens or hundreds of billions? With racial strife currently increasing at probably more than 50% per year, we need to reaffirm one of the best American traditions—search for truth must be based on scientific probity.

The public should insist that our Government request the National Academies of Science and Engineering, the nation's scientific intellectual conscience, to carry out interdisciplinary research on already existing research and to invent and initiate programs to reduce the environment-heredity uncertainty so that our social problems will be attacked on the basis of objectively established facts and sound methodology.

WILLIAM SHOCKLEY

Stanford, Calif.

Until Death . . .

Sir: In the article "Races, A Marriage of Enlightenment" [Sept. 29] there was a reference to the Abolitionist Frederick Douglass divorcing a Negro to marry a white woman. My great-grandfather, Frederick Douglass, had as his first wife Anna Murray Douglass, who was a Negro and who was married to him for 44 years before she died. As a widower of two years, Frederick Douglass married Helen Pitts, who was white, to whom he was married for eleven years and who survived him.

ANNE WEAVER TEABEAU

Washington

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

AS the antiwar protests grew and spread last week, they became a more important story with every day that passed. It was on Saturday, after the melee at the Pentagon, that the editors of TIME decided they should use cover treatment to fully point up and analyze the complex issues involved. So, only hours before our regular press time, the previously scheduled cover was taken off the presses and that story deferred, in the latest cover change we have ever made.

The main action of the story, Saturday in Washington, was covered by a staff of 18. Among the marchers went Washington Correspondents Kenneth Danforth and Jerry Hannifin, as well as a group of specially recruited reporters and photographers. Some wore Levi's and suede boots, to meld more easily with the crowd, and many equipped themselves with goggles when they heard that police might employ Mace spray to check unruly demonstrators. Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken took up his position there, later to be joined by correspondents who had been at the head of the march. Reporters Richard Saltonstall and Donn Downing stood by, respectively, in the White House and at the Department of Justice. Coordinating the activities of all our forces on the scene were Washington Bureau News Editor Ed Goodpastor and Acting Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey.

The Washington task force's reports moved to New York, where Editor Michael Demarest and Writer Robert Jones (who had been an on-foot reporter in last spring's Peace March) studied them along with information that other correspondents had sent in from across the nation and around the world. Altogether, they produced a troubling story of a many-faceted movement often at odds with itself.



SATIRICAL

OUR mail indicates that last week's cover of the poll-leading Republican dream ticket—Nelson Rockefeller for President and Ronald Reagan for Vice President—was read with exceptional interest wherever politicians gather. At no place was it studied more raply than aboard the S.S. Independence, where the nation's Governors were holding their 59th annual conference.

While Washington Bureau Chief John Steele watched the Governors for this week's story in The Nation, the state executives read TIME with interest, pleasure or irritation, depending on their own points of view. Republicans and Democrats alike pondered the implications. Potential candidates who did not appear on the cover looked hard at the collection of imaginary campaign buttons that appeared inside. But attention kept returning to the cover team. Was this an endorsement of a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket? No, the story made clear that it wasn't. Who was up and who was down? That question sent a joke running through the Independence. Reagan, it was said, had taken to looking at the cover upside down so that he would be top man on the ticket.

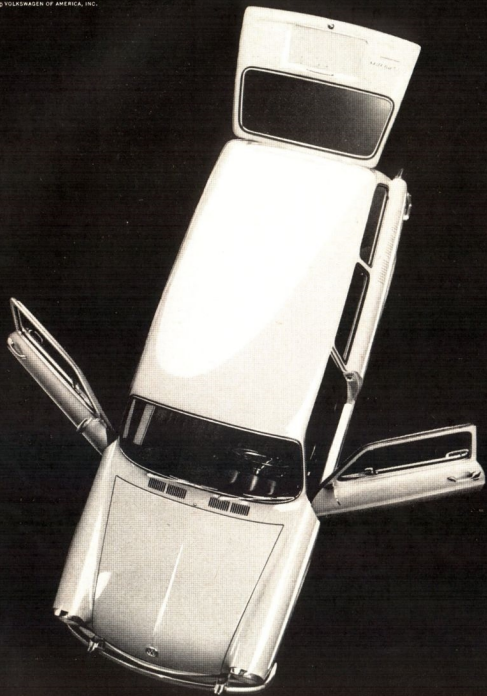
Before the week was out, the Chicago American's cartoonist Wayne Stayskal, far from the balmy waters that the Independence was skimming through, got somewhat the same idea and showed Reagan making the switch in a more graphic way.

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The three door sedan.

This Volkswagen has a door on the left to let in the driver. (That's one.) A door on the right to let in the passengers. (That's two.) And a door in the back which is like the tailgate of a conventional wagon. (That's the third, and do you need any more than that?)

To look at it, you'd swear our Square-

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Why? Well for one thing it doesn't cost like one.

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And since it's a Volkswagen you can be

pretty sure it'll use about half as much gasoline as the average wagon. (Our Squareback gets up to 27 miles per gallon.)

So if you're trying to decide between a station wagon and a sedan, why not get the best of two worlds? Buy the sedan that looks like a station wagon.



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 27, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 17

THE NATION

PROTEST

The Banners of Dissent

[See Cover]

The Pentagon is the most formidable redoubt in official Washington. Squat and solid as a feudal fortress, it hunkers in a remote reclaimed Virginia swamp that used to be called Hell's Bottom, across the Potomac River from the spires, colonnades and domes of the federal city. Through its two tiers of subbasements and five aboveground stories, windowless corridors weave like badger warrens. The bastion of America's military establishment not only houses the Secretary of Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a mint of high brass, but is also a beehive of bureaucracy where some 10,800 civilians shuffle routinely through the daily load of paperwork. It is actually five giant buildings, concentrically interconnected and braced one upon another.

Against that physically and functionally immovable object last week surged a self-proclaimed irresistible force of 35,000 ranting, chanting protesters who are immutably opposed to the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam. By the time the demonstration had ended, more than 200 irresistibles had been arrested, 13 more had been injured, and the Pentagon had remained immobile. Within the tide of dissenters swarmed all the elements of American dissent in 1967: hard-eyed revolutionaries and skylarking hippies; ersatz motorcycle gangs and all-too-real college professors; housewives, ministers and authors; Black Nationalists in African garb—but no real African nationalists; nonviolent pacifists and nonpacifist advocates of violence—some of them anti-anti-warriors and American Nazis spoiling for a fight.

Acid & Acrimony. The demonstration began under a crystalline noonday sky at the Lincoln Memorial. It took on special impact by climaxing a week of antiwar protest across the nation. Beneath the marbled gaze of Lincoln's statue, red and blue Viet Cong flags mingled with signs affirming that "Che Guevara Lives," posters proclaiming "Dump Johnson" and asking "Where Is Oswald When We Need Him?" The meeting had hardly begun before three Nazis were arrested for jumping a British trade-union orator who criticized U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

Speakers caterwauled in competition with blues and rock bands as the dem-

onstrators jostled across the lawns. "The enemy is Lyndon Johnson; the war is disastrous in every way," cried Baby Doctor Benjamin Spock. Aroused by acrimony and acid-rock, the crowd moved exuberantly out across the Arlington Memorial Bridge toward the Pentagon. Inside the Pentagon, a siege mood prevailed. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had entered his third-floor office at 8:15 a.m. and immersed himself in his customary work-

Arthur to put down the Bonus March.

Troops of the 82nd Airborne Division—many of them Viet Nam veterans—waited outside the capital in case they should be needed. Police monitored the highways leading into Washington, looking for a chance to nip violence in the bud. All together, there were 8,500 men on hand to quell the demonstrators if necessary. On the Pentagon roofs, federal marshals, Defense Department guards and Army riflemen

DON CARL STEFFEN



M.P.s REPULSED DEMONSTRATORS AT PENTAGON

Less alarmed by the prospect of dissent than by the potential for violence.

load. The skeleton staff of 3,000 that usually mans the Pentagon on Saturdays had been sharply pared by orders to all personnel to stay home unless their presence was absolutely necessary. In the four underground tunnels that normally service buses and taxis, vehicles of the First Army were parked bumper to bumper, the front rank draped in beige cloth to conceal their identity. As military policemen filled four olive-drab flamethrowers with tear gas, a dollop of the reeking riot queller spilled and gas masks were donned until it cleared. The troops were the first committed in metropolitan Washington for crowd-control duty since 1932, when Herbert Hoover called in 1,000 cavalry and infantrymen under Douglas Mac-

crouched uneasily, weapons at hand, radios at the ready, field glasses constantly scanning the ground below, while helicopters fluttered overhead with cameras clicking.

Abortive Assault. When the main force arrived, its good humor had begun to fray. An assault squad wielding clubs and ax handles probed the rope barriers in front of the Pentagon entrances, taunting and testing white-hatted federal marshals who stood in close ranks along the line. After 90-odd minutes of steadily rising invective and roiling around in the north parking lot of the Pentagon, flying wedges of demonstrators surged toward the less heavily defended press entrance.

A barrage of pop bottles, clubs and

tomatoes failed to budge the outer ring of marshals, and military police were summoned from the bowels of the bastion to form a brace of backup rings. A final desperate charge actually breached the security lines, and carried a handful of demonstrators whirling into the rifle butts and truncheons of the rearmost guards at the Pentagon gate. At least ten invaders managed to penetrate the building before they were hurled out—ahead of a counterattacking wave of soldiers vigorously wielding their weapons from port-arms. Handcuffs clicked as marshals corralled their captives, left behind in the abortive assault on the doors. Bloodstains clotted in rusty trails into the Pentagon, where prisoners had been dragged. Among them, unimjured, was Novelist Norman Mailer, who had tried to breach the police line after a wild buildup of booze and obscenity (see box).

Business as Usual. Thus, on a crisp fall weekend when most Americans were watching football, raking leaves or touring the countryside, the biggest "peace" demonstration in the history of the nation's capital unfolded. To the vast majority, the banners of Communism fluttering in Washington, the fist-flailing clashes and the violent verbiage were unsettling, almost unreal. Yet the disquiet that suffused the spectacle was certainly shared to a degree by most Americans. And—however ill-conceived—the Washington demonstration was a reminder to the world of America's cherished right of dissent. It was not the prospect of protest that alarmed Washington so much as the potential

for violence and the volatility of the march leaders.

That uncertainty was reflected in Administration and congressional reaction. Speaker John McCormack ordered the House of Representatives locked up for fear of invasion; white-gloved patrols circled major Government buildings in the area. While Lyndon Johnson stayed in the White House, his gates were heavily guarded and he pointedly maintained a business-as-usual schedule—having earlier found time to sign a bill levying stiff penalties for illegal demonstrations in the capital. On a lesser level, but more frantically, the workhouse division of the capital's Department of Corrections prepared space and meals for 2,000 potential arrestees.

Abroad, meanwhile, pro-Communists and a wider spectrum of emotional anti-Americans took to the streets in a dozen foreign capitals from London to Tokyo, Tel Aviv to West Berlin. At home, thousands of Americans backed "Operation Gratitude," a grass-roots effort to show support of U.S. troops in Viet Nam through all-night vigils and round-the-clock displays of lights.

Critics were quick to accuse the Government of over-reacting, and some even charged that the Administration had attempted to stifle the protest in advance by publicizing the capital's no-nonsense preparations. It was clear, nonetheless, that Lyndon Johnson was adhering to the precept set forth in a 1965 Supreme Court decision rendered by U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, then an Associate Justice. "The rights of free speech and assembly," wrote Goldberg in a majority opinion, "while fundamental in our democratic society, still do not mean that everyone with opinions or beliefs may address a group at any public place and at any time. The constitutional guarantee of liberty implies that existence of an organized society maintaining public order, without which liberty itself would be lost in the excesses of anarchy."

Ugly Image. From Berkeley to Brooklyn, other explosions of antiwar and antidraft protest had reverberated all week.

A suburban Los Angeles housewife walked up the steps of the new Federal Building, doused herself in gasoline and struck a match. A man nearby saw her walking slowly back down, moaning, "low and terrible," before she died. The antiwar sentiment ignited the San Francisco Bay Area, tinderbox of every anti-movement of recent years. Boiling out from the University of California campus at Berkeley, aggressively nonviolent protesters—many of them nonstudents—descended 10,000 strong upon Oakland and surrounded the city's draft-induction center. On the first day, Folk Singer Joan Baez, the nightingale of nonviolence, sang *I'm Going to Lay Down My Green Beret*—then was arrested along with 124 other pickets when the Oakland police moved in.

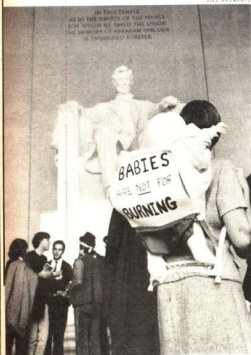
Next day, still intent on shutting



McNAMARA PEERING FROM PENTAGON
No rise from the exorcists.

down the induction center, the crowd defied police orders to move out and was subdued by a flying wedge of helmeted patrolmen wielding billy clubs and squirt guns loaded with Mace—a chemical crowd-dispersal spray that stings, sickens and temporarily blinds anyone it hits in the face. Shattered and shaken, the dissenters broke and ran, leaving bloody-headed buddies—and a dozen hapless newsmen—crumpled in the streets. The picketers resumed their vigil, forcing the draft center to bus its inductees right to the door, then double-time the soldiers-to-be through the crowd under escort of bayonet-swinging troops. It was an ugly image, and one that could cozily be interpreted outside the U.S. to imply that American draftees must be marched into service at gunpoint.

Nudity & Napalm. An induction center and a federal building were targets of antiwarriors in Chicago, where 200 sympathizers of CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resisters) and Women Strike for Peace—carrying posters of "Bloodfinger Johnson"—tried on and off over three days to embarrass the Government with wads of turned-in draft cards and pushy petitions. Police turned back most of them and arrested four, but some 30 housewifely pickets made it to the door of a Chicago induction center, where they recoiled in horror on being informed that inside there were nude inductees undergoing physicals. "Don't touch me, don't you dare touch me!" shrielled one woman. "Why don't you sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*?" heckled an onlooker. "All right, if you won't, I will," he cried, and piped out: "My country 'tis of thee/Sweet land of liberty..." An incoming draftee had the last word. Turning to the hot-eyed housewives, he said: "I'm ready to go



MOTHER & CHILD AT LINCOLN MEMORIAL
Marbled gaze for the V.C. flags.

fight in Viet Nam. I'm ready to serve my country."

No such willingness was evident at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where 2,500 demonstrators clashed with police over the right of the Dow Chemical Co. to recruit job applicants on university turf. (Dow's crime, as seen from the campus, is that it manufactures napalm.) Although University Chancellor William H. Sewell canceled further interviews by the Dow recruiters "pending a special meeting of the faculty," the issue had already shifted to "police brutality" and the charge that the university had sold out by calling in outside force.

Pale Imitation. On the Eastern Seaboard, echoes of history mingled with the pressures of the present. More than 4,000 demonstrators mustered on the Boston Common before a draft-card burning at which 67 men ignited their cards with a candlestick once owned by William Ellery Channing, the 19th century Unitarian divine and Thoreauvian advocate of civil disobedience, who wrote: "Our first duties are not to our country. We belong first to God and next to our race." Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin, a longtime activist who has marched against Southern white racism as well as the war, conceded that many latter-day dissenters disown any religion but upheld their moral right to resist the draft laws.

In New York, where antidraft riots during the Civil War were the most savage in the nation's history, students attempted a replay at Brooklyn College. Leaders of the leftist Students for a Democratic Society and the Communist-lining W.E.B. Du Bois clubs drummed up 1,000 screaming students (total enrollment: 25,000) to protest not only the presence on campus of two Navy recruiting officers but also the refusal of the college administration to allow a rival group to set up a non-recruiting table across from the Navy desk. Soon student fists and police clubs were flailing, and ten students were hustled into a paddy wagon. When the flak had cleared, the Navy recruiters went to work and signed up ten prospective Officer Candidate School members—more than they normally net at other schools in the New York area.

Antiwar v. Anti-U.S. Apart from the sporadic violence that marked the week of protest, the most striking thing about it was the diversity of the groups involved. At California's Claremont Colleges, marchers hiked seriously, silently and serenely through suburban streets, and listened intently to speakers' sober dissection of U.S. foreign policy.

Most other dissenting groups eschewed that style. All told, more than 100 separate organizations took part in the Washington spectacular, while more than 70 others—some of them numbering fewer than a dozen members—were involved across the nation.

With the President's popularity unprecedentedly low, a horde of fragmentary fringe groups emerged from

the woodwork like teredos. The political spectrum is broad, if predominantly on the carmine side of the rainbow, covering Trotskyites and Maoists, New Politics and Black Power radicals, Moscow-oriented Communists and the Socialist Workers Party, to nonideological mothers, bishops, pacifists and hippies. "The only thing we agree on is that we are against the Viet Nam war," says a New York Upper East Side Leninist. "The rest of the time we're at each other's throats. It's like a scenario."

Evident Split. The diffuse sources of dissent have bred continual schisms. The basic split, which is becoming more evident every day to many in the movement, is between those individuals and organizations that are simply antiwar (though not necessarily for unilateral withdrawal from South Viet Nam) and those that are avowedly anti-American. Among the former can be counted Editor Norman Cousins, the United Auto Workers' Victor Reuther, Newark's Auxiliary Bishop John J. Dougherty, and such mild but pervasive agglomerates as the Quakers' Religious Society of Friends (123,000 members) and Women Strike for Peace (100,000).

Among the openly subversive groups

are the U.S. Communist Party, the Maoist Progressive Labor Party, various Black Power groups such as S.N.C.C., RAM and shaven-skulled Ron Karenga's Los Angeles-based U.S. plus the volatile cadres of the New Left, which are so concerned with internal disputes that some of their organizations cannot remain in existence for more than a month at a time. Unsophisticated pacifist or antidraft outfits and digger do-gooders from the hippie subculture are frequently suckered into the hard-line camp and end up unwittingly propagandizing as activists.

The Mob. The split between antiwar and anti-American factions nearly put last week's Pentagon march out of step before it began. The New York-based National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam (alias the Mob), the umbrella group that coordinated the march, found it hard to reconcile plans for civil disobedience with more moderate notions of a legal rally.

Headquartered in a noisy Lower East Side loft festooned with bare steam pipes and posters of burned Vietnamese children, the Mob is chaired by Yale-educated David Dellinger, 52, a smartly

A SHAKY START

WASHINGTON's scruffy Ambassador Theater, normally a pad for psychedelic frolics, was the scene of an unscheduled scatological solo last week in support of the peace demonstrations. Its anti-star was Author Norman Mailer, who proved even less prepared to explain *Why Are We in Viet Nam?* than his current novel bearing that title.

Slurping liquor from a coffee mug, Mailer faced an audience of 600, most of them students, who had kicked in \$1,900 for a bail fund against Saturday's capers. "I don't want to grandstand unduly," he said, grandly but barely standing.

It was one of his few coherent sentences. Mumbling and spewing obscenities as he staggered about the stage—which he had commandeered by threatening to beat up the previous M.C.—Mailer described in detail his search for a usable privy on the premises. Excretion, in fact, was his preoccupation of the night. "I'm here because I'm like L.B.J.," was one of Mailer's milder observations. "He's as full of crap as I am." When hecklers mustered the temerity to shout "Publicity hound!" at him, Mailer managed to pronounce flawlessly his all-purpose noun, verb and expletive: "**** you."

Dwight Macdonald, the bearded literary critic, was aghast at the barroom bathos, but failed to argue Mailer off the platform. Macdonald



MAILER & MUG

eventually squeezed in the valorous observation that Ho Chi Minh was really no better than Dean Rusk. After more obscenities, Mailer introduced Poet Robert Lowell, who got annoyed at requests to speak louder. "I'll hellow, but it won't do any good," he said, and proceeded to read from *Lord Weary's Castle*. By the time the action shifted to the Pentagon, Mailer was perky enough to get himself arrested by two marshals. "I transgressed a police line," he explained with some pride on the way to the lockup, where the toilet facilities are scarce indeed and the coffee mugs low-octane.

YOUTH BATTLES AGAINST THE WAR

COPS FIGHT WITH RIOTERS NEAR
OAKLAND, CAL., DRAFT CENTER.



CROWD OF 3,500 AT BERKELEY'S
SPOUL HALL STAGES RALLY
DEFYING COURT INJUNCTION.

(UPI)





STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS CARRY CANDLES AT CLAREMONT, CAL.

ACTRESS WHO LED PROTEST IS SEIZED ON MADISON, WIS., CAMPUS.

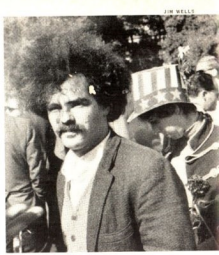




"NOTABLES" SPOCK & WIFE



MOB LEADER DELLINGER



"CO-PROJECT DIRECTOR" RUBIN

Everything from RAM to Wagon Wheels East under the pink umbrella.

dressed, balding pacifist. Though he looks hardly more aggressive than Peter Sellers, Dellinger began his protest career during World War II by refusing to register for the draft, spent a total of three years in prison for his principled recalcitrance—and last week entered the cooler again, puffing a cigar, after his arrest at the Pentagon.

As editor of the leftist monthly *Liberation*, Dellinger visited North Viet Nam last November and met with Ho, was deprived of his passport on his return, but retrieved it from the State Department on a promise not to return to Hanoi. Appointed chairman of the Mobilization Committee, he nevertheless made a second trip to Hanoi this summer. In September, he went to Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, where he was one of 41 Americans who parlayed with twelve North Vietnamese officials and a dozen Viet Cong delegates. Dellinger had barely returned from the fruitless "peace conference" when trouble erupted in his own peace organization.

The Mob's "co-project director," wild-haired Jerry Rubin, 29, a former Berkeley nonstudent leader, is an uncompromising radical. "We are now in the business of wholesale and widespread resistance and dislocation of the American society," he proclaimed shortly before Dellinger's return from the Bratislava conference. Dellinger subsequently agreed that the aim of the Washington march would be to "shut down the Pentagon." Remembering the success that attended the Mob's peaceful antiwar marches last April, when 180,000 well-mannered dissidents in San Francisco and New York gave protest a more tolerable name, moderate members from the more firmly established peace groups threatened to pull out unless Dellinger and Rubin toned down.

Reversed Ground. Groups like Veterans for Peace and SANE preferred a "symbolic confrontation" with the Pen-

tagon to any outright lawbreaking. As a result, an entire issue of the Mob's newspaper, the *Mobilizer News*, was rewritten and a tub-thumping editorial replaced by a quieter explanation of the march's purpose, written by Co-Chairman Sidney M. Peck, a Cleveland sociologist. Dellinger reversed his ground and urged avoidance of blatant lawbreaking, but at the same time was careful to disown in advance any responsibility for the more vigorous forms of protest. Thus a befuzzed line was drawn between "dissent" and "resistance" in the complex vocabulary of the American peace movement. As Dellinger later said, demonstrators could not be counted on to approve the "ritualistic charade of merely stepping across a line and being arrested." The hint of violence was obvious.

Understandably, many moderates decided to stay away from last week's outing. "Whereas most of the people who will be in attendance at the march will be well-intentioned, this demonstration was organized and is being run by the radical left," warned Rabbi Richard G. Hirsch of the Religious Action Center of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. "I can't go along with these folks who think everything the U.S. does is wrong and everything Hanoi does is right."

Similar feelings had SANE foundering last week on the reefs of radical schism. To protest the move toward militant anti-Americanism—as well as what one official termed Dr. Spock's "ecumenical promiscuity" as co-chairman, a post he reluctantly gave up earlier this month—14 of SANE's 45 national directors threatened to resign unless the course was instantly changed.

They charged that SANE—founded ten years ago as the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy and virtually devoid of purpose since the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty—was schizophrenically split. The chasm existed

"between those who support the use of democratic means to bring about change in [U.S. Viet Nam] policy and those who believe the society must be overturned before peace is possible." In their letter of proposed resignation, the dissenters found particularly "intolerable" the fact that Spock served simultaneously as a spokesman for SANE and co-chairman of the National Conference for New Politics, "a group that has denounced Israel as 'imperialist,' that has come out in support of 'wars of national liberation,' no matter what their political character or threat to world peace, that has contemptuously dismissed the democratic process and allowed itself to be manipulated by spokesmen for crudely nationalistic views." In a separate protest, every officer of SANE's Northern California regional office resigned over the same basic issue.

"New Action Army." Organizing the march on the tactical level was a manic task. Originally it was planned for Capitol Hill, but the Mob ended by adopting Rubin's suggestion that the Pentagon would be a more inviting and symbolic target. As rallies offered their services, the committee divided them into 22 contingents, ranging from notables (Spock, Mailer, poet Robert Lowell) to a Vietnamese contingent. A hippie outfit calling itself *Wagon Wheels East* purportedly set out from California replete with Shoshone Indians, trail scouts and medicine men ("compliments of Chief Rolling Thunder"), plus "junk cars, stolen buses, motorcycles, rock bands, flower banners, dope, incense and enough food for the journey." A caravan organizer warned in the *East Village Other*, a New York underground biweekly: "The caravan will pass through some very hostile territory, and many will die on the trip." It survived.

Others made it to Washington in Mob-organized car pools, a Pennsylvania Railroad special train, or in some

200 chartered buses (at \$8.50 a head, round trip from New York). Mob financing came easily: when an antiwar ad ran in the New York Times recently, Dellinger & Co. quickly called each of the more than 200 signers and tapped them for cash. More money came in through box-office receipts from speeches by Mailer and Rap Brown, while individual contributions ranging as high as \$5,000 in cash helped fill the till. The Mob also made money by selling green and white antiwar pendants, buttons and high-camp posters. One, "Join the New Action Army," showed a handcuffed Captain Howard Levy, the cashiered antiwar Army doctor, being led away after his court-martial last June.

Lace v. Mace. The wildest plans, of course, spiraled from the turned-on brains of the hippies, to whom the Pentagon was not so much a symbol of America's aggressive Far Eastern policy as a religio-esthetic abomination. "Everybody knows that a five-sided figure is evil," said one New York hippie named Abbie. "The way to exorcise it is with a circle." Abbie and a hippie poster painter, Martin Carey, last month "measured" the Pentagon to determine how many hippies would be needed to encircle it (answer: 1,200).

The oddly costumed pair was arrested for "littering" and haled before a General Services Administrator. They asked for a permit to levitate the Pentagon 300 feet off the ground, explaining that by chanting ancient Aramaic exorcism rites while standing in a circle around the building, they could get it to rise into the air, turn orange and vi-

* Actually and expectedly, the hippies are wrong: most religions, including Judaism, Christian mysticism and occult Oriental sects, find the Pentagon to be a structure connoting good luck, high station and godliness.

brate until all evil emissions had fled. The war would end forthwith. The administrator graciously gave his permission for them to raise the building a maximum of 10 feet, and dismissed the charges against the hippies.

Fearful that forces guarding the Pentagon would spray them with Mace, the hippies concocted a counterspray called Isergic acid crypto ethylene (LACE). Purportedly a purplish aphrodisiac brewed by the flipped-out pharmacist of hippiedom, Augustus Owsley Stanley III, LACE "makes you want to take off your clothes, kiss people and make love." Other hippie plots included jamming gun barrels with flowers and an attempt to "kidnap L.B.J. while wrestling him to the ground and pulling his pants off. We will attack with noisemakers, water pistols, marbles, bubble-gum wrappers and bazookas. Sorcerers, swamis, priests, warlocks, rabbis, gurus, witches, alchemists, speed freaks and other holy men will join hands and everyone will scream 'Vote for me!'" Alas, L.B.J. rarely visits the Pentagon.

New Friends. The lighthearted surrealism of the hippie approach was soon short-circuited by the hard-line elements. Hanoi was quick to capitalize on the latter's efforts. Even before the march began, the Viet Cong's "Liberation Press Agency" announced the formation of a "South Viet Nam People's Committee for Solidarity with the American People." Its aim: to cheer on the dissenters and encourage desertion among American and South Vietnamese troops. Said a message to the Mob from North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong: "The Vietnamese people thank their friends in America and wish them great success in their mounting movement."

For all the sound and fury, the anti-

tiwar spectaculars were a remarkable—if little noted—tribute to the vitality and viability of American society. Through all the weeks of negotiations between the manipulators of dissent and the federal Establishment over permits to demonstrate and the designation of parade routes, the U.S. Government never once challenged the marchers' right to present themselves and their cause in Washington.

Though Lyndon Johnson realized only too well that Communist and anti-American propagandists would exploit such disorders to the last bleeding scalp, the President himself insisted that the marchers be given the greatest possible latitude, short of disrupting the life of the city or the conduct of Government. Dean Rusk, whose State Department intelligence apparatus had long since assessed the degree and role of Communist influence within the antiwar movement, said earlier this month that "we haven't made public the extent of our knowledge" for fear of setting off "a new McCarthyism."

There is little present danger that any such aberration will recur, or at least in so virulent a form. On the contrary, the generally permissive reception accorded last week's demonstrations suggests that the American electorate has matured considerably since the haggard, self-doubting days of the early 1950s. There is a danger, nonetheless, that continuing and escalating disorders on the pattern of last week's outbursts could lead not to a freer and more constructive dialogue about the direction of U.S. foreign policy but to an increasingly emotional standoff between intransigent extremes. That outcome, for all the efforts of the peacemakers, would no more advance the cause of tranquility in Asia than it would benefit the quality of life in America.

DON CARL STEFFEN



HIPPIE DEMONSTRATING FLOWER POWER AT PENTAGON



GUEVARA POSTER IN CAPITAL

On the attack with water pistols, marbles and bubble-gum wrappers, plus swamis, warlocks and speed freaks.



JOHNSON WELCOMING SINGAPORE'S LEE AT WHITE HOUSE
Patience, perseverance, prudence in a world full of bears and dragons.

THE WAR

Riding the Tiger

Addressing 3,500 guests during the annual Al Smith dinner at Manhattan's Waldorf Astoria last week, Ambassador Goldberg enjoined them: "In this debate, let us shun intolerance like the plague. As our sons and daughters would say: 'Let's cool it.'"

What Goldberg hoped above all to cool was the increasingly intemperate and illogical verbal donnybrook over Viet Nam. Other referees weighed in. In the Senate, Washington Democrat Henry Jackson said that both sides "ought to be engaged in reasoning together, not in cutting each other up." In the House, Ohio's Robert Taft called for "a pause in verbal bombing."

There was scant hope of dialectical de-escalation. The New York Times's James Reston and other columnists helped keep the temperatures high. They accused Secretary of State Dean Rusk of having revived the dreaded specter of the "yellow peril" when he told a news conference two weeks ago that the U.S. was in Viet Nam because "within the next decade or two there will be a billion Chinese on the mainland, armed with nuclear weapons, with no certainty about what their attitude toward the rest of Asia will be." Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy, a former college economics teacher, echoed the charge. Pundit Walter Lippmann adduced a more directly racial argument with a proposal that the U.S. "pull back from the Vietnamese mainland to continental islands inhabited by Western white men"—namely, Australia and New Zealand.

Outraged by the yellow-peril charge, Rusk went to the unusual length of issuing a formal statement to challenge the accusation. "The Secretary wholly repudiates the effort to put into his mouth or into his mind the notion of the yellow

peril," the statement began. His comments on the looming threat of a nuclear-armed China, it added, "have nothing to do with race."

To the Barricades. Continuing the counterattack that he mounted earlier in the month, Lyndon Johnson sent several members of his official family to the barricades with speeches criticizing his critics. On an educational TV show, Vice President Hubert Humphrey declared that the U.S. does not seek "to make China our enemy," but "to contain the militant instincts or aggressive patterns of Communist China's conduct." Both the second- and third-ranking men in the State Department defended the Administration's policies—Under Secretary Nicholas Katzenbach in a speech at Connecticut's Fairfield University and Under Secretary for Political Affairs Eugene V. Rostow during a regional foreign-policy conference in Lawrence, Kans. Even Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman ventured into the relatively unfamiliar field of foreign policy. In Syracuse, he declared that Asian leaders "are desperately concerned over the Chinese threat" and "almost without exception back what we are doing in Viet Nam."

The Administration had little to show for its efforts. Pollster George Gallup estimated that 20 million Americans—more than one out of every six adults—who once approved of the war have come to consider it "a mistake" during the past two years. A total of 46 million Americans, or 41% of the adult population, now disapprove of the war, Gallup added.

Mincing Machine. To be sure, Johnson did muster some significant support during the week. In London, Prime Minister Harold Wilson told the House of Commons that while he was opposed to proposals for intensifying the war, such as an invasion of North Viet Nam, he was 100% convinced of Wash-

ington's genuine desire for peace. In Washington, Laotian Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma declared during a White House luncheon that he, for one, was "grateful that you came to Indo-China to help us survive," for "if tomorrow South Viet Nam became Communist, all that would be left for us to do would be simply to pack up and go." Added the neutralist leader: "We are grateful that you came, as you came to France in 1917-18, as you came to Europe in 1944. If it were not for your presence, Laos, and indeed all of Southeast Asia, would fall under Communist influence."

Another visiting Asian statesman, Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, called for U.S. "patience, perseverance and prudence" in an effort that is designed, "in a world full of bears and dragons," to help the nations of Southeast Asia maintain their independence. If the U.S. were to withdraw too hastily from Viet Nam, he warned, internal subversion with outside support would quickly run Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore through the Communist "mincing machine." The President assured Lee that the U.S. "has the resolution and the restraint to see the struggle through." He added: "You have a phrase in your part of the world that puts our determination well. You call it 'riding the tiger.' You rode the tiger. We shall."

THE CONGRESS

Putting Off the Tax

Bill till '68

"The script," allowed House Republican Leader Gerald Ford, "is a good one from our standpoint." Indeed, the plot that he laid out was compelling, if not exactly original. It called for G.O.P. Representatives and their Southern Democratic allies to deny Lyndon Johnson his request for an unpopular tax increase, beat every tom-tom and kettledrum for economy, and force the President to take responsibility for specific spending cuts. The House last week voted 238 to 164 to do just that.

Amending a routine financing measure, the House lopped between \$5 billion and \$8 billion off projected federal spending in the current fiscal year. The exact amount was impossible to reckon because of massive loopholes embodied in overlapping amendments approved by the House and because the actual amount of war expenditures is uncertain. The first amendment, proposed by Mississippi Democrat Jamie Whitten, would limit spending for many activities to last year's level. But the Viet Nam war and a number of domestic programs such as highway construction and Medicare were specifically exempted from the ceiling. The second amendment, put forward by Ohio Republican Frank Brown, put an arbitrary limit of \$131.5 billion on all spending with the proviso that Johnson could add to that figure only to meet new war costs. The effect of the bill would be to compel

Johnson to gut such programs as educational aid, urban development, antipov-erty operations and foreign aid.

Do-It-Yourself Kit. It was a blatant bit of buckpassing. Moreover, only a week earlier the House had passed a pay increase for civilian employees that was more generous than the Administration had requested. That bill singled out the postal workers, who have the most powerful civil service lobby, for a larger raise than other groups and denied employees of the Office of Economic Opportunity any raise at all. Many of the most economy-minded Congressmen protested when the Administration recently imposed temporary freezes on certain construction projects. In the course of a six-hour debate last week, members loyal to the faltering Democratic leadership tried in vain to remind the House that 1) Congress has the power and responsibility to set appropriations on its own, and 2) economy could well begin in the House itself.

New Jersey's Charles Joelsson was brushed aside when he proposed a "do-it-yourself economy kit" with which each Congressman would trim 5% from federal projects in his own district. Michigan's Martha Griffiths captured the mood perfectly when she volunteered: "If the rest of you want to cut something out of your districts, I'll be glad to help." No one took up the offer. Silvio Conte of Massachusetts pointed to the "Capitol police falling all over themselves, elevator operators running automatic elevators." Even Arizona's John Rhodes, who as chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee had every reason to feel victorious, lamented: "There's got to be a better way to run a Congress than this."

Murky Tableau. Until that way is found, Capitol Hill will have to make do with the present system, which at

least provides a check when one house gets too mischievous. The Senate is expected to block or greatly modify the Whitten and Bow amendments, following the lead of its Appropriations Committee. Last week the committee stripped the amendments from the resolution to which they had been added and approved for floor action a simple measure that allows financing of agencies whose appropriations have not yet been passed. There will doubtless be continued wrangling over federal spending and Johnson's request for a 10% income-tax surcharge, but the prospects for resolution could be discerned even in last week's murky tableau.

A number of budget reductions, totaling more than \$3 billion, will likely be agreed upon by the time all the appropriations bills are passed. This would amount to a partial victory for House leaders, such as Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, who have been insisting that there is no hope of a tax increase without rigorous cutbacks by the Administration. Even so, there is still too much opposition to permit passage of a tax bill during the balance of 1967. However, Mills now believes that the economy is accelerating the way the Administration predicted it would. Therefore some tax increase—although not necessarily the full 10%—may well be enacted early in 1968.

POLITICS

In Unpath'd Waters

None could deny that the S.S. *Independence* was a capital ship for an ocean trip. Adding to the normal opulence of the liner's staterooms and saloons were ballroom and calypso bands, an assortment of fandango dancers, cabaret singers and social directors, and enough rich food and free Virgin Is-

lands rum (for those who tired of the domestic champagne) for a well-sated cruise of indefinite duration—and all at the bargain price of \$250 a head. The nation's Governors, after 58 national conferences ashore, had decided to try the unpath'd waters for No. 59. If last week's excursion between Manhattan and the Virgin Islands was devoid of accomplishment, it provided at least some echoes of the myriad laughter of the ocean waves that Aeschylus once heard.

There was robust George Romney, up with the dawn and jogging about the sun deck in his sneakers, later chiding asthenic reporters: "I was up while you fellows were still asleep." At safety drill, Romney and Ronald Reagan found themselves in the same lifeboat. Their fellow potential survivors showed up in the prescribed orange life jackets, but the putative rivals, jacketless, were plainly determined to either sink or swim on the strength of their own buoyancy.

Kismet Kid. When they serve any public purpose at all, Governors' conferences occasionally allow presidential candidates to win adherents. This time there was no movement. Rhode Island's John Chafee warned fellow Republican moderates to "get hustling" for Romney. "Now," said Chafee, "is the time to speak up." If any new Romney fans did, their words were lost in the cha-cha beat. Lenore Romney pronounced Chafee "brilliant." The resolutions committee, meanwhile, was deliberating in a chamber aptly named the "children's playroom." The more controversial resolutions were either watered down or defeated.

Nelson Rockefeller took Bonamine pills to ward off seasickness, but was otherwise chipper. He lectured on the political dividends of promoting culture, huddled a number of times with



REAGANS AT BEACH ON ST. THOMAS



ROCKEFELLERS ABOARD "INDEPENDENCE"
Echoes of the myriad laughter Aeschylus once heard.



ROMNEYS AT COSTUME PARTY

Romney, and insisted: "I don't want to be President." When questioned on this score, Reagan first answered wittily enough: "I have a carry-over from my previous occupation. I never take the other fellow's lines." Then Ronnie lapsed into supersincerity by saying that "the convention, the party and the people of the U.S. will make that decision. It is not relevant what someone's personal desires might be." Translation for first voters: "Can I help it if I'm the kismet kid?"

One of the few bits of significant news to develop was Romney's bulletin that he was buying half an hour of CBS's prime time on Nov. 15, when he will substitute for *Dundee* and the *Culhane*. Did he intend to announce his candidacy? That, teased Romney, was a "possibility."

Mysterious Sea Breeze. Pending that decision, Romney leaped at an opportunity to peek at Lyndon Johnson about Viet Nam. Ironically, the chance came via Reagan, into whose hands a friendly but mysterious sea breeze wafted a radiogram from White House Aide Marvin Watson to Price Daniel, L.B.J.'s liaison man on board. Watson was advising Daniel on tactics for getting the Republican Governors to approve a pro-administration resolution on Viet Nam. The advice was routine enough: remind the Republicans, especially Rockefeller and Ohio's James Rhodes, of their support at previous Governors' meetings. Reagan showed the message to Romney, and then had it copied for reporters. Romney used it as an argument against approval of any Viet Nam resolution.

Columnist Art Buchwald predicted that a second White House message would arrive, saying: "Disregard earlier wire. President following." Buchwald was wrong. Johnson, who had been considering a flight to St. Croix to rendezvous with the Governors, decided to stay in Washington for the antiwar demonstrations. At least he knew where the demonstrators stood.

PEACE CORPS

More for More

In the annual scramble for appropriations on Capitol Hill, nothing has pleased Congress more than the Peace Corps' stubborn refusal to spend every last cent of its budget. Honoring the idealism of 11,902 volunteer workers in 52 countries, it has shunned frills and pared costs, saving taxpayers roughly \$45 million over four years. Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughn, 47, a feisty, compact (5 ft. 8 in.) redhead, was commended by Vice President Humphrey for slashing \$495 off the up-keep of each corpsman last year.

But this year Vaughn asked for more money. Amid a rush of requests for Peace Corps volunteers from all over the non-Communist world, he submitted a 1968 budget of \$118.7 million, up from last year's \$110 million, to put



VAUGHN IN WASHINGTON
To garner a hidden bonus.

17,750 workers and trainees into 58 countries by next September. "It costs less money to make peace than war," Vaughn reminded the House Foreign Affairs Committee. "But it still costs a lot." Last week the message got through. While the House panel followed the Senate in trimming 3% from his requested budget, in a period of all-round retrenchment so small a cut represented a solid vote of confidence in the Peace Corps.

Verve & Versatility. Even though the Peace Corps rejects four out of five applicants, it is the country's largest single employer of new college graduates. In the beginning, the corps sought specialists: now it concentrates on volunteers with liberal-arts degrees. Their verve and versatility suit them for tackling villagers' grass-roots problems where experts might feel wasted. Their average age is 24, although an 80-year-old served as a nurse in Turkey and 142 volunteers currently are over 50.

The range of work seems limited only by the Peace Corps' collective imagination. Volunteers are in demand for more than 300 job categories, from agronomy, bacteriology and carpentry to X-ray technology and zoology. A team of corpsmen installed the University of Malaya's first electronic computer; one is a game warden in Ethiopia; Gerald Brown, a volunteer from Douglas, Ariz., conducts Bolivia's National Symphony orchestra, and Lynn Meena's televised English lessons made her one of Iran's most popular performers. The majority teach, and the Corps has even sent blind volunteers abroad to teach the blind.

Twì & Pushtu. Inevitably, some ventures end in trouble. When corpsmen overcame a Senegalese tribal taboo against selling rice, farmers stopped growing it because the crop had lost its religious importance. An instructor

watched helplessly while typewriters distributed in Ethiopia turned to junk for lack of care. Language training for the corpsmen was once squeezed into 50 hours, and one slum worker in a Chilean *callampa* did not have enough Spanish to ask how to get to the bus that would take him to work. "At times they miss the mark," Vaughn confesses. "And when they do, it's certain we helped them miss."

To get back on target, Vaughn has upgraded pre-assignment training until it accounts for a quarter of his budget. Instruction has been stretched from eight to 14 weeks, with a minimum of 300 hours of language tutoring. Courses are offered in 183 tongues, including Twi, Tswana, Sesotho, Pushtu, Waray-Waray and Bicolano.

Because they often combine their altruistic attitudes toward service with vociferous antipathy to the Viet Nam war, Peace Corps volunteers have sometimes been accused of dodging the draft. But Vaughn, a World War II Marine officer, ridicules the charge, pointing out that their two-year stint abroad is a deferment, not a substitute for military service. Many are called up when they return home. Draft boards have even recalled 38 corpsmen from overseas, and Vaughn fumes over the money wasted training volunteers who are inducted before they complete Peace Corps service. The real reason so many young people choose the Peace Corps, he says, is to garner a hidden bonus: to discover a deeper maturity in themselves by serving others. "Our nation," reasons Vaughn, "will be the better for it."

MISSISSIPPI

Reckoning in Meridian

Every morning the boys from Bill Gordon's barbershop in Meridian, Miss., staked out a big Confederate flag. Across the street, U.S. District Judge W. Harold Cox and a jury of white Mississippians were hearing charges against 18 of their neighbors named as plotters in the grisly 1964 murders of Civil Rights Workers Michael Schwerner, 24, Andrew Goodman, 20, and James Chaney, 21. The indictment did not specify murder—merely a conspiracy to deny the dead men their constitutional rights under a federal statute dating back to Reconstruction days. But the flag was a reminder that the Deep South never cottoned to such laws. Then one morning last week a barber slipped through the waiting townsfolk and somberly rolled up the flag: according to reports from the courtroom, the seven women and five men of the jury were bringing in guilty verdicts.

Three housewives, a school-cafeteria cook, an electrician, a pipe fitter, a secretary, a gas-company clerk, a grocer, two factory workers and a former state appointee were making history. Never before had a federal jury drawn from Mississippi veniremen convicted white defendants in any civil rights case.

After 14 hours of deliberation, it took less than three minutes for Courtroom Clerk Mrs. Sue Richmond to declare seven men guilty of a conspiracy that began when Meridian's White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan voted to "eliminate" Schwerner for running a Negro community center and culminated when the lynch mob bulldozed three bullet-stitched corpses into an earthen dam. One of the men convicted was Neshoba County Chief Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, 29, who set up the killings by arresting the young activist for speeding; another was Samuel H. Bowers Jr., 42, the White Knights' Imperial Wizard. They face maximum sentences of ten years in prison and a \$5,000 fine.

Eight accused conspirators were acquitted—one of them at the Government's request. Among those who went free was Neshoba's Sheriff Lawrence A. Rainey, although Assistant U.S. Attorney General John Doar charged that Klansman Rainey's inaction at the time of the murders clearly implicated him. The jury, which was hopelessly deadlocked much of the time and had to come back for a "supercharge" by Cox, could not agree on the guilt of three others. In their cases, the judge declared a mistrial, and although two of the trio freed on bond—Fundamentalist Minister Edgar Ray Killen and E. G. Barnett, Democratic nominee to succeed Rainey as sheriff—were fingered as deep in the plot by witnesses, according to Government lawyers, they are unlikely to be retried.

Scrupulously Fair. Mississippi alone can bring murder charges against any or all of the 18, but it has not so far. "We'll have to study the evidence from the trial," commented District Attorney William Johnson Jr. State attorneys claimed that the Government's carefully gathered evidence—mostly amassed by the F.B.I.—was "a complete surprise"

to them, although federal officials say they offered it long ago to Governor Paul Johnson.

White-thatched Judge Cox, a native Mississippian and confirmed segregationist, conducted the trial with scrupulous fairness. Reacting angrily to a bomb threat—explosives had been stolen from a Meridian construction company the week before—the judge bundled Price and convicted Defendant Alton Wayne Roberts off to jail without bond. "I'm not going to let any wild man loose on a civilized society," he lectured Roberts. Roberts, a swarthy, former nightclub bouncer, had said earlier that the judge had given a "dynamite charge" to the jury. "Well," Roberts was overheard telling Price, "we've got the dynamite for him ourselves."

PHILADELPHIA

Search for an Heir

Arlen Specter, 37, entered Philadelphia's mayoralty campaign last spring with overwhelming advantages. He was already well known and popular as an able investigator and prosecutor. On the hustings he demonstrated the intelligence, presence and reformist approach that had elected him district attorney in 1965—the first Republican to win a major citywide office in 14 years. Democratic Mayor James Tate, 57, bore the triple burden of a mediocre record, a ponderous personality and a divided party. But instead of pleading *nolo contendere*, Tate has doggedly chipped away at Specter's seemingly unassailable early lead.

The challenger's main thrust has been to accuse Tate's administration of being "more interested in patronage and favoritism than in moving the city ahead," of turning the City of Brotherly Love into "Shakedown, U.S.A." When Specter demands that Tate name

his campaign contributors—donors who, says Specter, stand to get official favors from Tate—the mayor demurs. While Specter makes points with this strategy, Tate's arsenal contains a heavy weapon that Specter's lacks: an emotional issue of major impact.

Turn to Fudge. Last summer, Tate imposed a state of limited emergency as a precaution against racial violence and fully backed Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo, who mobilized massive force at the least hint of trouble. Having dominated the front pages all summer, Tate is now able to declaim: "While other cities were being burned, sacked and pillaged, Philadelphia had law and order." When Tate demands to know if Specter, as mayor, would keep the controversial Rizzo in office, it is the D.A.'s turn to fudge. To take a stand on Rizzo would alienate either those who considered the commissioner's tactics repressive or those who found them highly effective.

Nor has Specter's claim of sole possession of reform credentials gone unchallenged. Specter switched parties in 1965 when Democratic leaders refused him the nomination for district attorney or state senator. To win he must attract other defectors, because Philadelphia Democrats enjoy a registration edge over Republicans of 560,000 to 370,000. With the help of an endorsement from the Americans for Democratic Action, he depicts himself as the true legate of the progressive Democratic administrations of Joseph Clark and Richardson Dilworth. Specter's problem here is that Tate does not present a convenient conservative contrast. The mayor generally follows a liberal Democratic line, has organized labor on his side, and asserts that he, not the "fake liberal" Specter, is the "rightful heir of Clark and Dilworth." Clark, now Pennsylvania's senior Senator, has campaigned with Tate, and this week Vice President Hubert Humphrey is scheduled to appear on Tate's behalf.

Lapsed Fluency. Whether Tate can win again Nov. 7 is another question. Negro wards supplied much of his plurality when he won his first full term in 1963. This time, however, two Negro candidates are running on independent tickets, and Tate's tough stance in the ghettos will probably further erode his Negro support. All the same, Specter is still a long way from city hall. Realizing he must press hard, Specter, who is Jewish, allowed himself a lapse from good taste last week when he quipped that the Irish Catholic Tate was attending "a Communion breakfast in a brewery." Actually, it was a brewery workers' breakfast held in a church hall. Tate leaped on the crack as an insult to Catholics, and Specter publicly apologized. Having shown a 2-to-1 advantage in the early opinion polls, Specter's lead over Tate in the latest samplings has dropped to 47% v. 41%, with the rest divided among splinter candidates or undecided.



FOREMAN ANDERSON (LEFT) & FELLOW JURORS DURING TRIAL RECESS

The supercharge was dynamite.

THE WORLD

NATO

Dangers of *Détente*

When the 15-nation North Atlantic Treaty Organization was formed 18 years ago, there was no question about its need or its purpose. That was to stop an expanding Communist empire from taking over Western Europe. As NATO inaugurated its new \$8,000,000 headquarters in Brussels last week, the situation was entirely different. "Today," said Belgian Diplomat Jean-Paul van Bellinghen, "our only enemies are among us—those who are not ready to sacrifice a part of their independence to cooperate in a common work."

No one had to be told that Van Bellinghen was referring to France's

quarters building in Brussels provides enough space for both the 15-nation NATO Council—the political arm of the alliance, to which De Gaulle still belongs—and the 390-man Military Committee, which handles defense and used to be based in Washington. Another Paris problem was solved with the construction of a lavish new communications center that permits continuous contact with NATO capitals and major NATO commands.

A Fragile Flirtation. As NATO heads towards its 20th anniversary, its biggest danger, ironically, comes from the current European *détente*. The new state of East-West relations, says U.S. NATO Ambassador Harlan Cleveland, is still a "fragile flirtation, with the West pith-

rament would be eminently satisfactory says Spaak. "But it is difficult to bring off. The trouble is, a political Europe does not exist, and this is not the fault of the Americans, but of the Europeans."

WEST BERLIN

Problems for a Protégé

The Wall has long since pulled down the shutters on West Berlin's "show window to the East," robbing the city of its old excitement and sense of purpose. To make matters worse, the West German recession has caused a severe Berlin business slump. On top of all that, Mayor Willy Brandt went to Bonn last December and turned his job over to Heinrich Albertz, a hapless preacher-turned-politician who was unable to rule his own party, let alone the largest (pop. 2,191,000) city in Germany.

Mayor Albertz had been in office only six months when he began to lose his grip. His trouble started with the Shah of Iran's visit in June, when West Berlin police fired on student demonstrators, killing one of them. Albertz backed up his police, but later had to back down when the city's parliament decided that the police had, in fact, used too much muscle. After that, internal party squabbles forced Albertz to resign. Last week, by a vote of 81 to 38, the West Berlin parliament gave the problem-packed mayoral post to energetic Klaus Schütz, 41.

High Price. A Berliner, Schütz studied politics at Harvard in the late '40s, returned to the U.S. in 1960 to observe the Kennedy-Nixon contest. He helped campaign for Willy Brandt in Brandt's unsuccessful attempt to unseat Konrad Adenauer in 1961. Brandt, who liked Schütz's work, sent him to Bonn as the city's special representative to the federal government. When Brandt became Foreign Minister last year, he brought Schütz along as his No. 2 man.

Though he was not anxious to lose his protégé, Brandt could hardly object to Schütz's return to Berlin. Schütz quickly made it clear that he has little faith in Albertz's plan to rebuild West Berlin prosperity by turning the city into a center for trade and cultural exchange between East and West. Not that he is against "building bridges," said Schütz, but he is unwilling to pay the price the Communists demand for their cooperation. The East Germans want West Berlin turned into a "Free City" without ties to West Germany and without the protection of an Allied military presence. "West Berlin must not go off half-cocked," said its new boss. "Berlin's economy and jobs are guaranteed only by our tie to the West."

Schütz also hopes to cool off the students at the Free University, which has become a haven for draft dodgers (West



NATO INAUGURATION CEREMONIES IN BRUSSELS
No longer bound by the cement of fear.

Charles de Gaulle. When De Gaulle served NATO headquarters with an eviction notice 19 months ago and withdrew from the military side of the alliance, NATO defenses were visibly weakened—if only by the loss of France's 72,000-man contingent, based in Germany. Yet NATO still remains strong enough to meet any challenge. To counteract the 1,300,000 Soviet-bloc troops deployed through Eastern Europe, NATO maintains an army of 2,500,000 men, organized into ground and air divisions based at NATO installations extending in a crescent from the northern tip of Norway down through Britain and Italy and over to Greece and Turkey.

In the end, France's eviction notice even had a salutary effect. It gave NATO an excuse to reorganize and consolidate its sprawling headquarters operation under a single roof. With its 1,320 offices and 15 conference rooms, the new head-

ing moment of the woo." But NATO nations are acting as if the cold war were over and could never be renewed. They are losing, says Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak, NATO's Secretary-General from 1957-1961, "the cement of fear that bound them together." They tend to squabble over everything from their respective troop commitments to control of U.S. nuclear weapons.

The value of the military alliance tends to get lost in argument, and in an effort to achieve the harmony it needs, the NATO Council voted last December to authorize a study of the impact of world politics on NATO since 1949. The need for the study is all too obvious. In the current climate of bickering, many European nations that cannot agree among themselves still have trouble accepting continued American domination of NATO. The talk runs more and more to a fifty-fifty U.S.-European partnership. Such an ar-



BRANDT & SCHÜTZ
Cool credentials.

Berlin residents are exempt from West Germany's 18-month conscription) and police-baiting left-wingers who want peace with East Germany at any price. "Rowdies once and for all will be put in their place," he says. The students are likely to resent his toughness, but they can hardly challenge his credentials. He was, after all, one of the students who founded the Free University in 1948 as a protest against Communist domination of the old Berlin University in the city's East Sector.

ESPIONAGE

The Spies That Were Left Behind

When a major Russian spy defects to the West, the CIA is usually so delighted that it can hardly wait to tell the story to the world press. The resulting headlines are expected to be a damaging blow to Soviet prestige in general and the KGB in particular. Last week, however, with an important new defector on its hands, the agency kept its mouth shut. It had nothing to say—not even to the State Department—when the West German government revealed that Evgeny Evgenievich Runge, who held the high rank of lieutenant colonel in the KGB, had made contact with the CIA in West Berlin and asked for asylum. Apparently piqued that Bonn had broken the story, the CIA would not even tell Runge's age (39) or how many members of his family had accompanied him into exile (his wife and eight-year-old son). Nor would it admit the fact that Runge had been taken to a "safe house," somewhere in the U.S., for extensive "debriefing."

Blown Covers. No such secrecy was evident in West Germany, which is apparently the most spy-crowded nation in Europe (an estimated 5,400 Com-

munist agents alone are operating there.) Bonn, to be sure, did not say very much about Runge, probably because it did not know very much. But it was bursting with news about the spies he had left behind. Operating since 1955 as a travelling jukebox salesman, the KGB colonel had been in charge of at least two spy rings, and he blew their covers when he left. The police moved in immediately. Government Prosecutor Ludwig Martin announced solemnly that "this is the most important case of espionage in the history of the Federal Republic."

Runge's rings were both small, but both were extremely effective. One consisted of Leopold Pieschel, 44, a messenger in the French military mission, and his brother-in-law, Martin Marggraf, 41, a waiter whose specialty was bugging diplomatic receptions and dinners at such places as the presidential villa and Chancellor Kiesinger's Palais Schaumburg. While Marggraf planted mini-microphones, Pieschel systematically photographed secret NATO documents from the French commandant's safe—the key to which he had stolen, duplicated and returned in 1958.

Documents for Lunch. The other ring operated in the Foreign Ministry. It was run by Heinz Suetterlin, 43, a freelance photographer, and his wife Leonore, 39, a plumpish woman who was the personal secretary of the director of the ministry's administrative Zb Section—where the files contain personnel records, incoming dispatches, the complete Allied contingency plans for the defense of Berlin, and the West German diplomatic code. Leonore had access to everything. One by one, she stuffed papers in her purse and took them home at lunchtime for a quick snap from Heinz's ready camera. In five years, the couple delivered copies of

more than 1,500 secret documents to the Russians. The ministry has had to switch to a new diplomatic code.

Leonore, apparently, had done her spying mostly out of love. West German investigators discovered that Heinz, a trained Russian agent, had been sent to Bonn in 1959 with the specific assignment of wooing a highly placed Foreign Office employee; Leonore turned out to be his pigeon. When her police questioners told her why her husband had married her, it was more than she could take. She hanged herself in her cell at Cologne's Klingelpütz prison.

BRITAIN

The Tories Prove a Thesis

There was every reason for last week's annual Tory conference to be a celebration. The Labor Party's economic programs have proved both unpopular and unproductive. Prime Minister Harold Wilson is widely accused of being a cynical and somewhat oily manipulator of power. Tory candidates have swept eight recent local elections, including those for two Parliamentary seats that were once considered safe for Labor. And the latest opinion poll showed a significant swing to the Conservatives, who now trail Labor by a mere 1.9% of Britain's voting public.

Instead of a blast, however, the Tory convention was an unuzzled bore. Convened before BBC television cameras at the Top Rank entertainment center in the beach resort of Brighton, it proved to be the most powerful argument for picking up a good book since the advent of televised wrestling. The Tory high command, following the example of Party Leader Ted Heath, sat solemnly on the speaker's platform, heavy-lidded, hard-shelled and heartburned. Little about the party leaders



HEINZ



LEONORE

Code from the carrier pigeon.

suggested that they were capable of standing up to the slogan emblazoned on the rostrum: PUT BRITAIN BACK ON HER FEET. Speaker after speaker proclaimed the merits or decried the perils of 14 tired resolutions (including calls for higher tariff barriers, negotiations with Rhodesia and "the protection of our interests overseas"), all of which were duly adopted by 4,500 Tory delegates.

It was as if the entire Conservative Opposition to Her Majesty's Labor Government were trying to prove a thesis put forward by Deputy Tory Leader Reginald Maudling. Noting "an alarming decline in the standing of Parliament and politicians," Maudling suggested in a signed article in the Times that "never in recent times have the politicians of every party commanded so little credence from the public."



MAJOR HOLLEDER
Big Red One found an enemy more ready to fight than run.

blowing themselves up along with surprised G.I.s. Such kamikaze tactics, plus the fact that the V.C. dead had curiously frozen grins on their faces, led some U.S. officers to speculate that the 271st got hopped up on drugs before it turned and fought its pursuers.

All-America Response. Minutes after the attack started, nearly every American officer was either wounded or dead. Among the dead was the battalion commander, Lieut. Colonel Terry de la Mesa Allen Jr., 38, whose father had commanded the Big Red One in its World War II drive from Tunisia to Sicily. At a temporary base camp one mile away, the battalion operations officer heard the firefight and hesitated not a moment. With the agility that made him an All-America end at West Point in 1954, Major Donald W. Hollender, 33, raced toward the furious ac-



LIEUT. COLONEL ALLEN

Soviet Helicopters. In the air, Typhoon Carla and the onset of the monsoons accomplished what innumerable SAMs, MIGs and anti-aircraft guns could not: U.S. flyers were forced to slacken their pounding of North Viet Nam. On the only two clear days, Thunderchiefs hit rail lines and bridges on the Hanoi-to-China route, and shot down the 89th MIG of the war. Navy raiders from the *Orikan* bombed Haiphong bridges and the military compound in the city's suburb where giant Soviet helicopters and SAMs are assembled.

It was the fourth raid on the compound since it was removed from the proscribed list two weeks ago. One reason U.S. planners are anxious to destroy the helicopters is that they could be used to transport mobile SAM anti-aircraft missiles into positions near the DMZ. Once in place, the SAMs could zero in on the big and unmaneuverable B-52s, whose huge bomb loads have so effectively broken up North Vietnamese troop concentrations around Con Thien.

The 13¢ Killers

Like competitors on a rifle range, the two Marines discussed their target. "About 900 yards," whispered the man with the binoculars. The man with the rifle checked through his telescopic sight and nodded in agreement. Then both men tested the wind. About 5 m.p.h., they decided. The rifleman adjusted his sight. Slowly he stretched out into a prone firing position; he rested his rifle barrel on his helmet and sighted through the scope, allowing just enough Kentucky windage to compensate for the breeze. Then he began the gentle, steady trigger pull of the expert marksman. The exact moment of firing came as a surprise—which it often does when a good rifleman has squeezed off a proper shot.

The moment he recovered from the jolt of his rifle's recoil, the Marine squinted once more through his sighting scope. Across the valley, he saw a black-uniformed Viet Cong crumple, as a bullet bled through his chest. Just to make sure, the Marine pumped another round into the V.C. and watched the body twitch. The spotter put down his binoculars, took out a notebook, and recorded the details of the kill.

Sudden Death. In the past year, that lethal game of "Charlie zapping" has been played by snipers of the U.S. Army and Marine Corps with steadily increasing efficiency. Sudden death from an unheard and unseen source has become a daily danger for the V.C. At a time when most new infantry weapons are designed to deliver rapid-fire streams of bullets, when a firefight sprays the jungle with thousands of unnamed rounds that do little more than force the enemy to keep his head down, the snipers are demonstrating the deadly value of the single well-aimed bullet. They are reminding their buddies that the good foot soldier has always been

THE WAR

A Sudden Meeting

For nearly a month, the U.S. Army's famed 1st Infantry Division has been stalking an elusive quarry: the 271st Viet Cong Regiment, a hard-core Communist outfit that makes a specialty of terrorizing villages near "the Iron Triangle" northwest of Saigon. Last week, in the gloom of densely overgrown jungle trail 40 miles northwest of the capital, it was the 271st that found the Big Red One.

Commanded by a six-man battalion staff, some 175 troopers of the Big Red's 28th Infantry Regiment were filing two abreast through the dimly lit rain forest when the jungle suddenly exploded. From perches in trees and camouflaged positions on the ground, 400 or 500 V.C. sent rifle and machine-gun fire into the right side of the U.S. ranks with a fury that was unusual even for hard-fighting Charlie. Some V.C. stormed into U.S. lines carrying 60-lb. Claymore mines in their hands,

tion and rallied a group of troopers to start hacking out a landing zone for medical-evacuation helicopters. Before he could get the area cleared, Major Hollender was cut down by a burst from a V.C. machine gun.

After 14 hours, the 271st broke off the attack and retreated through the heavy jungle, carrying its wounded and most probably many of its dead. It left behind 103 V.C. corpses. U.S. losses were the heaviest taken in a single engagement since early summer: 55 killed, 66 wounded. But elsewhere the ground action was relatively light. Though the Allies sent a total of 56 battalion-size sweeps searching for enemy throughout South Viet Nam, the only other place where the Communists fought rather than ran was in the northern I Corps area. Near Quang Tri City, 80 miles north of Danang, U.S. Marines fought a series of sharp skirmishes with North Vietnamese regulars; in the same vicinity a South Vietnamese battalion flushed a battalion of Communists and killed 195 of them in a 20-hour battle.

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Trouble is, the best things in life are either illegal, immoral or fattening or cost \$160.



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Color Pack Camera gives you beautiful color pictures in 60 seconds.

The question is, how much do you care about things like a superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder that automatically corrects for parallax and field size? A transistorized shutter that lets you make black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash* and even make perfect time exposures up to 10 seconds automatically? A sharp triplet lens? 2 exposure ranges for color, 2 for black and white? Beautiful portraits and close-ups?

(There are special Polaroid camera accessories you can buy.) But there *is* that \$160 to think about. Well, at least it isn't illegal, immoral, et cetera. Maybe just the littlest bit self-indulgent . . . ?

"When we get back, I'm gonna
change my brand of
cigarettes. These taste flat."

"You should have said
something sooner.
Here, have one of my Kools."



**Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**





MARINE SNIPERS IN VIET NAM
Playing zap with growing efficiency.

primarily a rifleman, that the good marksman makes every shot count.

Today there are about 500 American snipers in the field—trained on ranges both at home and in Viet Nam. They use finely balanced target rifles, so prized that they are carried around in well-oiled leather cases when not in use. The Marines prefer the bolt-action Remington 700 with a variable power scope; the Army leans toward the National Match M-14 with a similar sniper scope. Both rifles fire a 7.62 mm. 173-grain competition round with a flatter, more accurate trajectory than normal 150-grain military ammunition, and both are deadly at ranges well beyond 1,000 yards.

The snipers are almost all youngsters—teen-agers, or in their early twenties—who grew up with a squirrel rifle in their hands. Most of them are not many months away from a time when they had to buy their own ammunition. It is part of their philosophy to be miserly with bullets. There are snipers in Viet Nam who have waited as long as six months to fire as few as four or five shots. But then they were sure of their targets, and they killed four or five of the enemy. Last month two Marine "dingers" killed seven North Vietnamese and wounded five, with no more than 13 rounds fired at a range of 1,200 yards.

If casualties can ever be considered a bargain, the snipers provide the biggest bargain of the war: the cartridges they use cost only 13¢. Appropriately enough, they thus call themselves "the 13¢ killers." In the past eight months, the 90-odd snipers of the 1st Marine Division have recorded over 450 confirmed kills, against four dead of their

own—an astonishing kill ratio of better than 100 to 1.

Skillful Riflery. Marine snipers are organized in 37-man platoons, one of which is attached to each of the corps's seven regiments in Viet Nam. Once in the field, the platoons break down into pairs: one man spots with binoculars, the other handles the rifle. Their favorite stakeouts are the edges of heavily wooded areas with a clear field of fire in front. And there they wait, hour after lonely hour, day after tiring day, camouflaged to their very helmet tops, always on the alert for the slightest distant movement.

The payoff comes in brief and skillful bursts of riflery. Last week a Marine sergeant spotted a V.C. officer addressing a group of his men some 1,600 yards, or almost a mile, away. Since his sight was not calibrated for that distance, the Marine estimated the necessary high trajectory, worked in some Kentucky windage to allow for the breeze, and squeezed off three rounds. The third hit the Viet Cong officer in the head. He was dead before the crack of the rifle ever reached his ears. "A lucky shot," the sergeant conceded. But he and his sniper buddies have learned to make such luck commonplace.

INDIA

Another Kind of Hunger

Chinese troops still rumble along the Himalayan frontier, and occasional Pakistanis still talk of another round over disputed Kashmir. But for all that border belligerence, India faces a far more dangerous internal enemy. Famine is a perennial threat to the country's swiftly expanding population. This year only a record harvest augmented by huge shipments of American grain prevented mass starvation. But former Food Minister Chidambaram Subramaniam sees

signs of hope. His country's agricultural skills are improving, he told the World Food Crisis Committee in Washington last week, and there is a real chance that by 1970 or 1971—the optimistic target date set by New Delhi planners—India may be able to feed itself.

But even then, Subramaniam added, the Indian food problem may be far from over. Indians, with their stomachs full of cereal grains, will still face the serious problem of protein starvation. For lack of protein, Subramaniam said, 35% to 40% of the 20 million babies born in India each year eventually suffer some degree of brain damage. Often those who are afflicted are so stunted physically and mentally that by the time they reach school age, they are "unable to concentrate sufficiently to absorb and retain knowledge. We are producing millions of subhumans annually."

Religious Taboos. Medical experts are not so certain as the Indian politician that protein deficiency always results in such dreadful and irreversible deterioration. But the problem remains acute. Perhaps a third of India's 510 million people do not get enough protein—a basic building block of life—and even an end to the food shortage will not fill this critical lack. Though India has one-fifth of the world's cattle, religious taboos keep its per capita consumption of beef, a chief source of protein, the lowest of any major country's. Poverty and scarcity, as well as traditional vegetarianism, prevent many Indians from eating such protein-rich foods as fish, poultry and eggs.

India's nutritionists have always found it far easier to develop protein supplements than to get Indians to eat them. The high-protein gruel, *Balabar* ("nutritious child's food" in Hindi), concocted of wheat, peanuts and powdered milk, has been widely distributed in drought-stricken Bihar and eastern Uttar Pradesh states. But mothers often withhold the protein-rich lentil *dal* from



STARVING CHILD IN INDIA
Without the building blocks of life.

* Crack shots—an old expression taken from competition shooting, in which a bell was rung to announce a bull's-eye.

Stronger than Steel, Lighter than Aluminum: A report from General Dynamics

That elephant is standing on a plank made of boron-epoxy composite.

So far, this new structural material has been used only for aircraft and space vehicle parts on a research basis, but it will be going into commercial use in the near future. And it could lead to radical change in aircraft and vehicles of all types as we know them now.

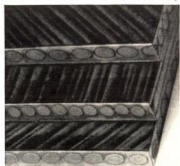
Take two identical aircraft, one built of conventional aluminum, the other with the same parts of boron composite. The boron airplane theoretically could carry twice the payload for the same distance, or go twice as far on the same amount of fuel.

An auto with body and frame of boron composite could be as big and comfortable as a Cadillac yet lighter than a Volkswagen. The combination of lightness and size would mean the car could be driven by a battery-powered aluminum engine and protected against impact with polyurethane foam bumpers.

For boron composites are a new kind of material. This form, with boron filaments embedded in epoxy plastic, is as strong and stiff as high-strength aircraft-quality steel, but 75 percent lighter. It is three times as strong as aluminum but more than 25 percent lighter.

What is boron?

Boron is a semi-metallic element—the fifth element in the atomic table. Widely



Each layer of the boron-epoxy filament tape is oriented at a different angle. This enables the laminated composite to withstand stress from any direction.

available, it is usually found in combination with other minerals. Best known uses until now—and called for in limited amounts—have been the familiar household boric acid, or the borax used in glassmaking. In some chemical combinations it is almost as hard as diamond (but with even greater heat resistance), and is used to cut and shape such extremely hard materials as carborundum.

But boron was rarely, until recently, seriously considered as a structural material. The demands of space vehicles and high-performance military aircraft called for a deeper look. New kinds of materials, with hitherto-unrequred standards of strength, light weight, and heat resistance, have become crucially important.

For the past few years, General Dynamics has been working with boron composites—filaments of boron in "matrices" of plastics or metals—largely under contract to the United States Air Force. Sections of boron-epoxy have already been successfully tested in supersonic flight.

Brittle—and tough:

In many of the most common ways of shaping metals (casting, for one) boron is extremely brittle. But just as glass, brittle in many ways, has high strength in filament or fiber form, so has boron filament—extraordinarily high usable strength. And boron is also uniquely stiff—six times stiffer than glass.

These boron filaments mixed with, say, an epoxy plastic or molten aluminum, result in a composite which possesses the best qualities of both materials. The form closest to commercial use is the boron fiber in an epoxy matrix, although aluminum and even titanium matrices are being tested for more exotic uses.

For some military aircraft and space vehicles, these remarkable new materials offer an invaluable combination of great strength, stiffness, light weight and heat resistance.

But right now, boron is still expensive. Steel averages out at 6 cents a pound; glass fiber, at 60 cents a pound. And aluminum, which once cost \$6,000 a pound, now ranges from 22 to 75 cents a pound, depending on the grade.

The boron-epoxy composite not long ago was priced at about \$1,000 per pound. However, over the last few months, its cost has been reduced by more than two-thirds. As more applications are worked out and more demand arises, its price is already dropping still further to more economic levels, just as aluminum did.

It will be a while, however, before boron composite becomes competitive, on a pound for pound basis, with more conventional materials. But other factors might compensate.

In construction, buildings with structural members and other major parts made of boron composite could be built much taller—and in a wider variety of architectural shapes than is now practical.

Single span bridges twice as long as the longest now existing should be possible. Boron vehicles generally—cars, trucks, or planes—could go farther on less fuel. New commuter trains built of boron to aerodynamic principles could carry passengers to their jobs swiftly and comfortably.

The boron filament is made by drawing an extraordinarily fine wire of tungsten, heated to a bright-red temperature, through a chamber into which boron trichloride and hydrogen gases have been pumped.

Thin as a human hair:

In the vicinity of the hot tungsten wire, chemical reaction yields pure boron and hydrochloric acid. The particles of pure boron are deposited on the moving wire and the hydrochloric acid is removed from the chamber.

The final boron filament is four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, about as thin as a human hair. It is 95 percent pure boron and 5 percent wire core.

To build anything out of these filaments, they are first made into a composite in the form of a tape. About 212 boron filaments to the linear inch are coated with and embedded in epoxy on a glass-cloth backing to make a continuous tape in any desirable width. The tape is then rolled up on a spool for easy handling.

To build something out of the composite tape, a basic "sculpture," which

might be a simple form for a flat panel or have more complex curves than the human body, serves as a mold.

Layer after layer of the tape is laid down on the form in much the same manner that any adhesive tape might be applied. Each layer is placed at a different angle (for instance, zero degrees, 45 degrees, 135 degrees) to enable the laminate to withstand stress from various directions. Composite products may be made in varying numbers of layers depending on the combination of weight, strength, and directional stress they must meet.

Any size or shape:

Boron-epoxy panels have been hand-laid experimentally in from three to 50 or more layers. Fully automated machines are being built that will lay-up

boron composite sections in almost any size and shape that can be dreamed up.

When sufficient layers of tape have been placed, the entire form or part is "cured" in an autoclave—essentially a large pressure cooker.

The weight-saving will vary depending on how directional the load requirement is. The least reduction in weight compared to the same application in aluminum would be 45 percent. The reduction can be as much as 75 percent.

A three-layer piece would be only 1/60 of an inch thick. A 32-layer piece would be only 1/6 of an inch thick. But this 1/6 of an inch could be equal in strength to commercial building steel five times thicker, or aircraft-grade aluminum, three times thicker.

To meet some special conditions of space flight, General Dynamics is ex-

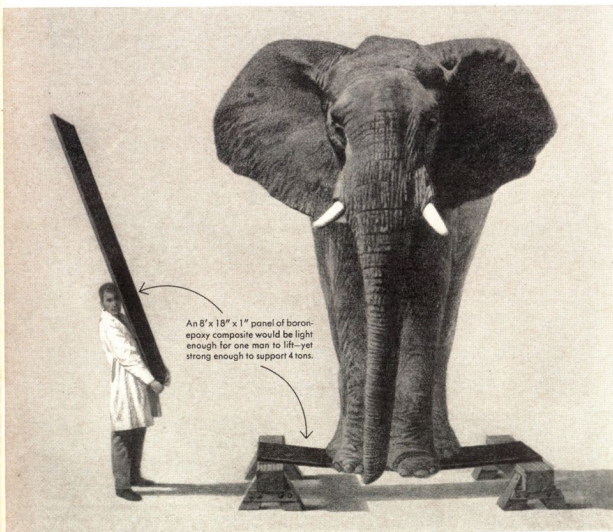
perimenting with variations far more exotic than the relatively simple boron-epoxy. These include boron-silicon-carbide filaments embedded in a whole range of metals such as nickel, copper, titanium, and aluminum.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment, nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal and gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



An 8' x 18" x 1" panel of boron-epoxy composite would be light enough for one man to lift—yet strong enough to support 4 tons.

their babies because they believe it upsets young stomachs.

Fish & Peanuts. In an attempt to overcome such resistance, an energetic U.S. effort under former White House Aide Alan Berg, 35, is helping the government improve the Indian diet with such techniques as the addition of the protein-building amino acid lysine to wheat, tea and other staples of the Indian diet. A search for new foods is also under way. Only last week a U.S. Interior Department team arrived in India to discuss construction of a fish-protein-concentrate factory, and Dow Chemical is joining with a Bombay company to produce peanut flour.

Even as these American-assisted programs pick up momentum, billboards and newspapers hammer at the need for protein by constant repetition of the slogan: "Eat Better with Less Wheat and Rice." It is no easy selling job, for to peddle proteins in India involves a drastic change in Indian palates.

GUATEMALA

A Tendency of Commitment

Guatemala's Miguel Ángel Asturias, 68, is a man of many talents. As a diplomat, he is his country's ambassador to France. As a Sorbonne-educated sociologist and lawyer, he has lectured as far afield as Italy's University of Rome and Britain's King's College at Cambridge. As a writer, he has turned out seven novels, ranging from biting political satires to surrealist folklore, and been translated into 36 languages. Last year his leftist writings and political novels won him the \$28,000 Lenin Peace Prize for exposing "American intervention against the Guatemalan people." Last week his whole body of work won him the Nobel Prize for Literature, carrying with it a \$60,000 cash award.

Asturias is a novelist of the poor and oppressed; he fills his books with the same gothic ribaldry and nightmarish fantasies that Hieronymus Bosch brooded on five centuries ago. In his latest novel, *Mulata*, published in the U.S. a month ago, boars talk, women are impregnated through the navel, men are transformed into dwarfs, giants or rocks. A healer tests the sacredness of a place by touching the earth "with the ten tongues of his hands." When an old woman dozes, she is "butterflying with sleep like all old people." When a crowd gathers, "nightfall assembled them, as it did the stars."

Creative Battle. Asturias' creative life, he feels, has come out of a battle—"not an armed battle but a political and civic battle." The son of a judge, he grew up under Dictator Manuel Estrada Cabrera (1898-1920), a ruthless strongman who imprisoned or murdered his political opponents and all but cut off Guatemala from the outside world. After Estrada's overthrow in 1920 came a series of military-dominated governments that were almost as bad; when Asturias published a set of anti-militaristic

articles, his family persuaded him to move to Europe for his own safety. In 1933, Asturias returned home, became a radio broadcaster, worked on his first novel, then went into the diplomatic service.

Though never a Communist himself, he was a strong supporter of Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán's Communist regime, which took power in 1950. As ambassador to El Salvador in 1954, he tried to thwart the U.S.-supported military coup that toppled Arbenz. The new government stripped Asturias of his citizenship, and sent him once again into exile. Last year, after the election of Moderate Leftist Julio César Méndez Montenegro, Asturias was invited back to his country, where he rejoined the foreign service.

Hover in Twilight. By then, Asturias was one of the favorite writers of Guatemalan intellectuals; he had established

JEAN WARGUITS



ASTURIAS IN PARIS

Poetic—if sometimes polemic.

himself, along with Brazil's Jorge Amado (*Gabriel*) and Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges (*A Personal Anthology*), as one of Latin America's most important literary voices. His first major novel, *The President* (1946), was a razor-edged indictment of Cabrera-style *candillismo*. Three years later, he completed *Men of Corn*, an intense, poetic treatment of the poverty, hopelessness and dark mysticism that haunt the life of the Guatemalan Indian. Over the next ten years, he produced a trilogy of political novels that attacked widespread "Yankee economic imperialism" in Guatemala, focusing—if sometimes too polemically—on the growth and power of the United Fruit Co. Last week Asturias was busy on his eighth and ninth novels, one biographical and the other a dreamlike fantasy set in 16th and 17th century Guatemala during the Spanish conquest.

In its writing awards, the Swedish Academy frequently chooses in order to honor the giants of literature in the twilight of their careers. Asturias rep-

resents the other extreme—the choice of a worthy writer who might otherwise go largely unnoticed. Asturias feels he was picked also because he embodies a new trend in Latin American literature. "We have long had a tendency," he said last week, "of avoiding our problems, submerging them in romanticism and folklore. With me, the academy has selected the other tendency—that of involvement, confrontation and commitment."

ISRAEL

Pairing Off the Generals

Israeli Premier Levi Eshkol and his Arab counterparts have one thing in common: they all find Defense Minister Moshe Dayan hard to handle. The eye-patched general, who was brought into the Cabinet over Eshkol's misgivings, thinks the Premier reacted far too slowly to the Arab threats that preceded the six-day war. And Dayan does not care who knows it. Eshkol would like to downplay their differences, at least for the time being, but last week, after Dayan sounded off before a group of Israeli politicians, the Premier felt compelled to answer back. "I am astonished at his behavior," said Eshkol. "I want to dissociate myself from this practice of a minister's taking issue in this way with the Premier."

Dayan is unbothered by such rebukes. He and his splinter Rafi Party will probably remain in Eshkol's Mapai-dominated government only until the present crisis is settled. In the meantime, Dayan intends to establish as independent a position as possible. For, as members of rival parties, Eshkol and Dayan are likely to be squared off against each other in the 1969 Israeli elections.

Since Eshkol cannot keep Dayan quiet, he is trying to outmaneuver him by publicly championing another military man: Major General Yitzhak Rabin, 45, the present Israeli chief of staff. Eshkol has declared that Rabin, not Dayan, deserves the major credit for Israel's stunning victory. And indeed he does. Dayan's appointment to the Cabinet was unquestionably a morale booster, but Rabin was the commander in the field. He was the man responsible for the superb condition of the army.

A veteran of the Haganah, the Jewish underground army at the time of the British mandate, Rabin also served as a British commando behind Vichy French lines in World War II. As Israeli chief of staff for the past four years, he developed a highly motivated officer corps, modernized the tank force, and maintained a hair-trigger state of readiness. Last week Eshkol escalated his campaign a bit further by designating Rabin the new Israeli Ambassador to the U.S. Eshkol seems to be grooming Rabin for appointment to the Defense Ministry. Then, during the campaign, he will have on his side a popular hero who can offset the criticism that Dayan is bound to level at him.



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If your boy doesn't know what the rest of his class seems to know, this new Borg-Warner educational system could help him out.

By the same token, it could help him make faster progress in subjects he's good at. Read how the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Research Center started with the two major classroom problems—and developed a new kind of audio-visual system to cost under \$400.

THE first problem is to diagnose a student's progress. Find out where he stands in any subject at any time.

The second problem is what to do about his progress. How do you help him where he's weak, let him go forward where he's strong—and do it without disrupting the classroom?

The engineers at Borg-Warner's Research Center set out to solve both problems. They worked hand in glove with a leading suburban school system. Result: the Borg-Warner Educational System 80™. Its basic parts: a color film slide, a synchronized record and an electronic unit to play them on.

Let's say your seven-year-old son is learning basic math. First, his teacher gives him a *diagnostic* program.

Your boy slides the record into the top of the unit, the film slide into the bottom. A picture comes on the screen and a voice asks him to do something. If he makes the right response, he goes on to the next question. If he gives the wrong answer, the unit notes the fact and repeats the question until he pushes the right button.

When the diagnostic program is completed, the system helps his teacher prescribe the proper *instructional* program. This program doesn't tell him the answers. It lets him *discover* for himself the principles behind the answers. He works at his own pace. Fast students can go fast, slow students slow.

"It never gets mad at me, never shouts at me," says one boy of the system.

"I'm amazed how much they can learn so fast," says his teacher.

Best of all, the equipment is ruggedly built, is easy to use and carries a practical price: under \$400—or a small fraction of the cost of computerized systems intended for the same job. Right now, it's going through final in-class evaluation that will determine just how soon it will be on the market.

Maybe it comes as a surprise that Borg-Warner engineers are doing research in education. Well, they're doing a lot more than that.

Take medicine. In open heart surgery, surgeons have only a short time for an operation. That's because blood pumped through the patient's arteries is damaged by the pump—and a patient can take only so much damaged blood.

Now Borg-Warner's industrial equipment group has developed a new pump that pumps so gently doctors believe the blood can be recirculated again and again, allowing much more time for delicate operations.

Take urban renewal. Borg-Warner's builder and consumer group is taking part in a revolutionary new engineering project. They're supplying equipment for pre-assembled kitchen, bathroom and furnace units. The units are lowered into tenements through a hole in the roof at big savings in time and cost.

Your wife's throw-away paper dresses of the future may not be throw-away. Borg-Warner's chemical group has learned how to *knit* them—which means your wife can have them dry-cleaned and wear them again.

Medicine. Urban renewal. Textiles. And now education. What will the engineers do next?

CHEMICAL & STEEL MATERIALS/INDUSTRIAL/AUTOMOTIVE/BUILDER & CONSUMER PRODUCTS. ©1967, BORG-WARNER CORP., 200 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

The new Borg-Warner Educational System 80 is in final evaluation in schoolrooms like this—with programs in mathematics, reading and beginning French.

BORG WARNER
The great engineers

LONGER HAIR IS NOT NECESSARILY HIPPIE

THE hair of the male human animal grows more slowly than crab grass—about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 1 in. a month. But it never stops growing this side of the grave. Were it not for the tyranny of fashion, which insistently summons men to the barber, they might all conform to the *Book of Leviticus*, which commands that "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." In these shaggy times, which can produce a Van Cliburn, an Allan Ginsberg and a Joe Namath, not to mention the Beatles, the Monkees, the Rolling Stones and the entire male population of Haight-Ashbury, *Leviticus'* 2,500-year-old injunction seems astonishingly up to date.

The Beatles may have triggered the trend; the hippies may be making a scissorless, combless and soapless travesty of it. But long hair has outgrown its parameters, traditionally described by the rebelliousness of youth and the self-consciousness of show business. It has become grey, middle-aged, ubiquitous and eminently respectable, a coast-to-coast phenomenon that has infiltrated even the U.S. Army, that last bastion of the butch. Last March at Fort Ord, Calif., by command of the commanding officer, the compulsory 30-second scalp job for all recruits was succeeded by a permissive repertoire of six hair styles.

These days, it seems, nobody wants to look like Hank Bauer except Hank Bauer. Certainly not Richard Nixon: despite a hereditary sparseness in front, his coiffure now rolls luxuriantly down the neck and trespasses on the ears. And certainly, certainly not Bobby Kennedy, who was once a neat trim but who lately resembles a sheep dog—or maybe a sheep. Presumably long hair is now a political asset, although Washington's most notorious touse, Everett Dirksen, declines comment as "below the pale." Dirksen is at least known to have visited his barber before the 1952 Republican Convention, at which he appeared in a hairdo that would have thawed a drill sergeant's heart.

Now He's a Stylist

The barber is changing to accommodate the trend. Until 1957 his professional bible was called the *Barber's Journal*. But that year its name was changed to the *Barber's Journal & Men's Hairstylist*, and seven years later the name changed again. It is now the *Men's Hairstylist & Barber's Journal*—a title eloquently testifying to the ascendancy of a less ruthless tonsorial breed.

It is still possible, of course, to get an ordinary old-fashioned hair cropping at a decent price. But in increasing numbers, men are demanding something more. The new hair stylist gives it to them, at prices ranging from \$6 to \$100. The new shops do not even look like the old ones; they look like beauty parlors. Figuratively, and in some cases literally, they are. Manhattan's Hair Design Associates, on St. Mark's Place, caters to both men and women, although once the clients have been saddled up to their necks in hair cloths it is sometimes difficult to tell. These lush and costly emporiums attract a surprisingly conservative trade. Roger, a hair stylist on East 58th Street in New York City, estimates that 75% of his customers are doctors, lawyers and businessmen.

Since the hair is more easily modified than, say, the nose or the chin, it is only predictable that every now and then man will decide to change it. After all, male vanity has always rivaled and frequently exceeded the female variety. One of the many theories now advanced in explanation of the new display of male plumage rests on the premise that the human peacock is merely showing his true feathers. "Perhaps man is coming into his biological destiny, suppressed in our Puritan milieu," says Psychologist Robert D. Meade of Western Washington State College. "It is the male in all nature, you know, who spreads his gorgeous tail feathers

and erects his ruff for the inconspicuous little brown mate."

Other speculation holds that the trend represents a concerted male effort, led by youth, to blur the lines distinguishing the two sexes. This area of thought suggests that the day of the caveman, whose present-day counterpart paraded his virility with such readily identifiable characteristics as the Prussian haircut, is in decline; the day of the womanly man who burns his draft card and lets his hair down is beginning to dawn. Flowing locks were once a symbol of virility, as the story of Samson bears witness,^{*} and it is no longer safe to disparage the vigor of the man in shoulder-length curls. He may be a poet. But he may also be a member of the Hell's Angels, a West Coast motorcycling fraternity whose maleness, however overexercised, lies beyond dispute.

And Beards, Too

Whatever the Freudian significance of hair and its style fluctuations, it seems probable that the root causes of the new trend are neither deep nor esoteric. Any understanding of it must begin by making a distinction between the hippie and the respectable non-hippie with longish hair.

The hippie is all juvenile protest. He wears his hair extravagantly long because short hair was once the Establishment's style, and he opposes the Establishment. In a predominantly long-haired society—the African Bushman's, for example—he would doubtless shave his skull. The respectable longhair, on the other hand, is protesting nothing, and, what's more, his hair is only respectably long.

To be sure, the respectable longhair stands slightly in the hippie's debt. The equivalence of long hair and youth appeals to middle age; the 50-year-old may not look any younger or more like an actor if he lets his hair grow out—or asks his hair stylist to tease a bit more body into it—but he thinks he does. So do many women, the ultimate style-setters for men. Long hair is also a way of advertising the distance a man has moved upward in a culture now more than ever devoted, in a time of expanding income and leisure, to the luxuries both provide. Good grooming is only part of it. The new American male also goes to the opera, masters a few French phrases, perhaps buys an elegant Edwardian suit and tours the Continent—where many of the latest styles, including long hair, originated. Good grooming is the most visible part of it; any investment, however steep, pays off just beyond the hair stylist's door. It is worth noting that, since 1953, the U.S. male has spent more money—and conceivably more time—in the beauty shop. The manufacture of perfumed products for men has risen by 400% since 1950; some colognes are now sold by the gallon. In 1948, two out of three men used aftershave lotions; today nine out of ten do.

The test of any new trend is acceptance. Long hair passes the test. During the protest stage some three years ago, when brow-shrouding male tresses bloomed all over the classroom, they drew down a withering fire from the academic Establishment. Today most of the hirsute scholars are back at their desks, tolerated if not entirely approved. "We ignore it," says C. W. McDonald, dean of men at Western Washington State College. "We do absolutely nothing against long hair even if it's down to their heels."

Will it go that far? It seems unlikely, but there are sociologists as well as barbers who believe that still more men will start growing still more hair and that the moustache and beard will proliferate. However, in the light of historical evidence that how men wear their hair is cyclical, it may turn out that the next generation will feel an urge to be clean-shaven and crew-cut—or even bald.

* It is sometimes forgotten that after Delilah's cruel intervention, Samson raised another crop of hair and slew the Philistines.



Dickel & dickel

Here's the long version and the short version of George Dickel's Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky. We call the short one our "inexpensive-find-out-if-it's-true-what-they-say-about-Dickel-package."

Dickel is different. It isn't scotch or Bourbon or rye or Canadian or blend or any of those. It's Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky.

What makes the difference is a long slow extra step called Charcoal-Gentling. That's why George Dickel is so incredibly smooth. Once you taste it, you'll want to try it again. Which is where we started: Dickel & dickel.

Approximately \$7.00 a fifth and \$4.50 a pint. Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.

Charcoal-Gentled Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky

PEOPLE

'Twasn't the first time that a man got off a plane in Washington while his baggage flew on some place else, but in this case **Van Cliburn**, 33, had a concert to play. Having arrived too late to rent any formal duds, Cliburn phoned Lady Bird's press secretary Liz Carpenter, whose husband Leslie matches Cliburn's 6-ft. 4-in. height. Sorry, said Liz, Leslie's tails were at the tailors. "But I've just been talking to a tall man," she added. "If you can come to the White House you can have the best we have." The string-beany pianist zipped over and with the aid of L.B.J.'s valet found the more-than-ample presidential tails. "They look fine," said



CLIBURN
Presidential tails.

L.B.J. as Cliburn stopped by to thank him—and everybody at Constitution Hall thought so too.

"There just aren't any maharajahs left," sighed New York Diamond Merchant **Harry Winston**, 71. "I'm afraid there isn't a market for enormous diamonds." Winston has bought the 601-carat Lesotho diamond, the seventh-largest gem-quality diamond known, which was found last May on a tiny claim owned by Petrus Ramoeba, 38, in the South African kingdom of Lesotho. Ramoeba carried his stone 110 miles to the capital of Maseru, with government help sold it for \$302,400 to a South African merchant, Winston, the third owner, called the Lesotho diamond "practically perfect," said he will cut it into about 20 stones selling for more than \$1,000,000. As for Petrus Ramoeba, he has already gone out and bought himself a suit, three frying pans, and two new wives.

Summoned from her villa in Switzerland by a phone call from the Point Pleasant, N.J., chief of police, **Oona O'Neill Chaplin**, 42, returned to the U.S. to the bedside of her mother, Agnes Boulton O'Neill Kaufman, 76, who had been admitted to a hospital suffering from malnutrition. It was Oona's first trip home since she renounced her citizenship 15 years ago, after Charlie ran into visa trouble with the Attorney General on "moral" grounds. De-nounced and disinherited by her late father, playwright Eugene O'Neill, for marrying the 54-year-old Chaplin when she was 18, Oona has also been estranged from her mother, who was married to O'Neill from 1918 to 1928.

Detroit's Democratic Mayor **Jerome Cavanagh**, 39, is not having such a good year. Overwhelmed by last summer's race trouble, denounced as a public souse and womanizer, sued for separation by the mother of his eight children, Hizzoneer has most recently been hit with a \$100,000 damage suit by Mrs. Ruth O. Martin, 47, wife of his wife's brother. According to Mrs. Martin, she was visiting the mayoral mansion last July when Cavanagh "kicked and knocked the plaintiff against the furniture and onto the floor." Cavanagh's attorney said that the mayor "flatly, absolutely and categorically denied" roughing up his sister-in-law, pointed out thoughtfully that the mayor had fired Mrs. Martin's husband last June from a \$14,203-a-year city job.

She was just a barefoot girl on Madison Avenue, yearning for her own ad agency, when she sweetieed Braniff Airways into handing over its \$6,500,000 advertising account in 1966. Since then, **Mary Wells**, 39, chief flag raiser at Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc., has zapped the buying public with a campaign for Braniff's rainbow-colored planes and Pucci-panted stewardesses, lured such other clients to her lair as Alka Seltzer, Benson & Hedges and American Motors. But most of all she wowed Braniff President **Harding Lawrence**, 47, who offered his hand to Mary after withdrawing it last year from his wife. Divorcee Wells has accepted, and the couple will be married next month.

It has been 16 years since Professional Gadfly **William F. Buckley Jr.**, 41, wrote *God and Man at Yale*, and at last he has disclosed his choice for one of the parts. Buckley announced that he will run next spring as a petition candidate for the 18-man Yale Corporation, the university's governing body, in opposition to the corporation's own slate of candidates. "Somebody's got to protest the almost total absence of conservatives on the faculty," said Buckley, who ran as a Conservative for mayor of New York City in 1965. If he wins, Buckley will become the cor-

poration's first elected Catholic and the only petition candidate to succeed other than New Haven Banker William Horowitz, 60, the corporation's only elected Jew, who won in 1965.

Front teeth newly recapped and visible behind a more or less constant smile, **Frank Sinatra**, 51, returned to the sidewalks of New York as . . . as a cop, for goodness' sake. All just pretend, of course, as affable Frank lazed around the 19th Precinct station house in pursuit of the title role of a movie called *The Detective*. Sinatra also made his first appearance as chairman of the American Italian Anti-Defamation League, which seeks to remove the stigma of gangsterism from the land that produced Dante, Michelangelo, Colum-



SINATRA
Detective stories.

bus, Mussolini and Capone. Nearly 20,000 fans turned out at Madison Square Garden for the Anti-Def rally, and the chairman played it with his usual style. He arrived in time to miss all the speeches, sang six old Italian ballads (*I've Got You Under My Skin*, *Moonlight in Vermont*), and beat it.

Competition for the America's Cup usually is a two-flag duel, with a lone challenger rising to face the U.S. every three years. Next time around, in 1970, the lineup for the right to challenge may resemble *All the World's Fighting Fleets*. Britain, France and Greece have already signaled battle, and now Australia's **Sir Frank Packer**, 60, has run up his flag, recommending that there be an elimination series of races among all challengers in Cup waters off Newport, R.I. The defending New York Yacht Club could do worse than take Sir Frank at his suggestion—and then stand back to watch the fun.

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

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"The baby stayed asleep."
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"I think it was the best party we ever had."



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MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

Downbeat for a New Era

In the five years since an airplane crash killed 106 of Atlanta's foremost cultural patrons, the city has been striving with an almost compulsive verve to rebuild civic hopes for high standing in the arts. A new rank of leaders moved up to join the survivors; in homage to the dead, the Atlanta Arts Alliance launched a drive for a \$13 million cultural center (now abuilding); and the Ford Foundation gave the Atlanta Symphony \$1,750,000. Last week the symphony opened its new season under the baton of a new permanent conductor, Robert Shaw. It was an auspicious start to what will undoubtedly be a decisive era of growth for both the orchestra and the city.

Musical Levitation. Shaw, 51, long regarded as America's top chorus master, conducted clean, well-balanced though somewhat earthbound readings of the overture to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and Copland's recently revised *Canticle of Freedom*. The evening's climax—Beethoven's formidable *Ninth ("Choral") Symphony*—was a feat of musical levitation. The intelligence and spirit of the interpretation, along with the sheer force and clarity of Shaw's baton, lifted the performance above its own technical flaws—some faulty string playing, moments of rhythmic dislocation—to provide music that frequently soared with an exhilarating sense of freedom and joy.

The performance proved that the Atlanta Symphony has the makings of a first-rate organization. Helped by a \$765,000 budget (twice that of 1965), Shaw has already bolstered the ranks

with additional musicians, instilled greater rigor and purpose into rehearsals, formed a new 60-voice chorus, and expanded the season to include chamber music, an offbeat "Connoisseur Series" and some light promenade concerts. His programs for the coming year balance Atlanta's traditionally romantic fare with more music from the baroque and classic periods as well as 20th century works ranging from Bartok to Gunther Schuller. "He's brought a lot more discipline to this group, and much more sense of music making," says Principal Cellist Donovan Schumacher. "He's going to really change things."

Salutary Shake-Up. Shaw's energetic speechmaking to civic groups has also given the Establishment a salutary shaking up (this opener at the Junior League: "I feel as if I'm in the midst of a huge, white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant harem"); and he has served notice that he hopes for even greater changes to come: more tours, participation by the orchestra in opera and ballet productions, creation of a conservatory in Atlanta.

Part of his determination derives from a desire to complete himself as a musician. Although he has made guest appearances with many orchestras, and for eleven years was one of George Szell's associate conductors of the Cleveland Orchestra, the Atlanta job gives Shaw his first chance to test himself solidly with instrumental music. To take it, he had to sacrifice a lucrative schedule of outside engagements. But he has no regrets: "I'm happiest when I'm building what is in a sense my own instrument."

POP MUSIC

Forget the Message; Just Play

The British rock trio called Cream has poured into the U.S. for its American debut, and the faithful are flipping out. The underground circuit in the pop world of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Manhattan and Detroit is still vibrating from what may be the biggest musical jolt out of England since the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

Loud enough for a band three times their size, decked out in such a motley blur of polka-dot pants, fringed suede shirts, neck chains, lizard boots and other psychedelic cowboy garb that they sometimes look like three times as many people, Cream go beyond oddness into originality. In a genre that is virtually defined by vocal effects alone, their slashing, blues-steeped sound is mainly instrumental; they even use their voices like instruments. Their motto: "Forget the message, forget the lyrics; just play." They do just that—and with an exultant technical mastery that surpasses anything yet heard in rock.

"Woman Tone." Formed a year ago because each member was the others' favorite performer (as their rather haughty



CREAM PERFORMING IN DETROIT
Cowboys with a Glasgow glow.

name implies), Cream comprise three prickly egos, each with solid claims of his own to individual distinction:

► Eric Clapton, 22, the rangy, intense spokesman for the group, is a superbly soulful and compelling guitarist. His voicelike "woman tone" moans, shouts or sends out sudden, stabbing cries, the vibrato quivering like a spear that has found its mark. Such top U.S. rock guitarists as Mike Bloomfield and Jerry Garcia rank him the best in the world.

► Jack Bruce, 24, a quiet Scotsman who plays bass guitar and is the group's chief songwriter, sings with the same tremulous passion that Clapton brings to guitar playing. When he huffs into a harmonica and wails the blues in his slightly burled accent, Chicago's South Side takes on a Glasgow glow.

► Ginger Baker, 28, is a dazzling drummer, perhaps the only one in the rock field who can sustain long, inventive solos. His crackling stickwork and splintered rhythms give Cream a complex yet driving beat that few rock groups can equal. An antic cockney, he drums on other things besides drums: on tours, he leaves behind a trail of hotel bills for damage to furniture and other property.

Too Long for Radio. Together, Cream are "neo-contrapuntal," according to Bruce. "We're all playing melody against each other." Each melody is largely improvised, and the object, says Clapton, "is to get so far away from the original line that you're playing something that's never been heard before." This approach usually creates pulsating waves of excitement in live performances, but it often also produces recordings that are too long for disk jockeys to sandwich between commercials. Consequently, Cream have so far been idols only of the hip insiders; their one U.S. album, *Fresh Cream* (on the Atco label), has been little played on radio and as a result has missed the mass market (sales: 100,000 copies). But now that this country has been Creamed, all that may be changed.



SHAW LEADING THE ATLANTA SYMPHONY
Building his own instrument.

MEDICINE

DRUGS

Pot & Goddard

"Whether or not marijuana is a more dangerous drug than alcohol is debatable. I don't happen to think it is." In light of the current debate about marijuana, the remark was unremarkable—except that it was made by Dr. James Goddard, head of the Food and Drug Administration. It came after a lecture on "business decision-making" at the University of Minnesota's Graduate School of Business Administration. Leading into the question-and-answer period, Goddard said he would talk about anything but marijuana. But the first question was about the drug, and

MARJORIE W. SCHWARTZ



FDA'S GODDARD
Irreparable damage?

Goddard proceeded to break his own rule.

Would he object to his son or daughter using marijuana? "We've discussed this at home," said Goddard. "I would object in terms of the law today and any possible long-term effects." Discounting the suggestion made by some authorities that pot leads to an addiction to other, stronger drugs, Goddard explained that while "it is true most heroin users have smoked marijuana, it is also true that most heroin users have drunk milk. I have seen no proof that there is any connection."

Goddard's opinion, which carries considerably more weight than that of any private physician, was particularly surprising because the FDA director has been so strict in demanding that drug companies show clear proof of the efficacy and safety of their products before he allows them on the market. There is still almost no research, however, into what marijuana does—and does not do—to the human mind and body and no scientific evidence that proves or disproves that it is better or worse than alcohol.

Thus the FDA director was in the contradictory position of approving—if

only off the cuff—a drug that has not had thorough scientific inspection. He had previously complained that American families waste money on unneeded vitamin pills and had roundly condemned children's candy cigarettes—which he thinks might lead them eventually to the real thing. Last week, though he later qualified his remarks enough to note the legal and possible long-term hazards of marijuana, Goddard's basic equation of pot and liquor still stood. Immediate outrage followed. Among the most incensed was Dr. Robert W. Baird, director of the Haven narcotics clinic in Harlem and chairman of the Suffolk County (N.Y.) narcotics-control commission. Dr. Goddard, said Dr. Baird, has done "irreparable damage across the college campuses as well as in the high schools."

Unsafe at Any Speed

*Speed kills.
It really does.
Amphetamine,
methedrine, etc.
can, and will, rot your
teeth, freeze your mind
and kill your body. The
life expectancy of the average
speed freak, from the first shot
to the morgue, is less than five years.
What a drag.*

The editorial in the Boston psychedelic newspaper *Avatar* was to the point—and not all that far from the truth. Methedrine, a powerful amphetamine known to hippies as "speed," is fast becoming one of the freakiest and most dangerous ways of turning on in the drug users' pharmacopoeia.

Linda Fitzpatrick, 18, the suburban dropout who was murdered with her latest hippie boy friend in a Greenwich Village basement earlier this month, confessed that she was hooked on the drug, and may indeed have been lured to her death by a promise of the stuff. The number of speeders—called "speed freaks," "meth freaks," "meth monsters," or "meth heads"—has, according to the hippies, increased enormously within recent months. Researchers writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* estimate that in San Francisco alone, 4,000 people regularly inject themselves with powerful amphetamines.

Clouds & Sparks. The attractions are obvious enough. Heroin produces a drowsy, drifting effect; LSD contorts and sometimes expands the mind. Methedrine, which is a harmless stimulant when taken orally in small doses, turns into a kind of mega-pep dose when it is concentrated and injected. It acts on the central nervous system in such a way as to give what the three medical researchers, who have studied addicts at the California Rehabilitation Center at Corona, describe as a "sudden general-

ized, overwhelming, pleasurable feeling." With somewhat more enthusiasm, a female speeder says that "it fills you inside, like this churning cloud of light with sparks shooting off, jagged, in all the colors of the rainbow, the universe in the process of creation. And you're a part of it."

The overall effect is sexual—in the words of one user, like "an orgasm all over your body." It is an aphrodisiac, tending also to prolong the time of sexual activity before climax is achieved. Obtainable legally only by prescription, the crystalline drug is, like LSD, relatively easily manufactured, with a production cost of something like \$25 a pound.

The general pattern, says the Califor-

PETER POLYMERAKIS



ANTI-SPEED SIGN IN MANHATTAN HIPPIE PAD
Long run to paranoia.

nia report, is for the user to inject methedrine into a vein about every two hours around the clock. He stays awake continuously for three to six days—sometimes as long as twelve days. Appetite for food is suppressed completely during this time, and there is a compulsion for constant action. At first this activity is purposeful, say the researchers, but as the "run" progresses, it becomes ever more disorganized. The taker himself, others note, becomes increasingly agitated, often shaking, quivering, working his mouth incoherently.

Other symptoms also appear. Uncomfortable hallucinations take the place of initial euphoria; in almost all cases, the feeling of omnipotence gives way to paranoia. Shadows and trees become disguised detectives, best friends turn informers, parked cars become police cruisers. Strangely enough, the speeder usually realizes that he is paranoid, and at the start does not take his delusions too seriously. Toward the end, however, he generally finds them considerably more convincing. Though he

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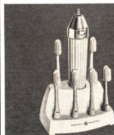
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may collapse from intense exertion, the speeder most often requires a barbiturate for sleep, which lasts from twelve to 18 hours after a short run to as long as four or five days after an extended run. Fatigue persists for weeks after he awakens.

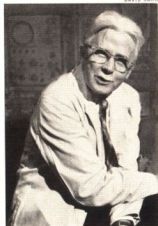
Milk & Oatmeal Cookies. Because of its end effects, genuine hippies have never taken to speed to any great extent and look with alarm, like the *Avatar*, at its growing use in their communities, mostly by teen-agers and would-be hippie converts like Linda Fitzpatrick. "Everybody says, 'Acid: good and good for you. Grass: good like milk and oatmeal cookies,'" notes one Los Angeles rock musician. "So kids begin to think in terms of drugs and they think, 'Meth! Groovy!' But they don't know that it can destroy them."

Indeed it can. The potential for addiction, warn the article's authors, is

U.S.'s George Wald and Haldan Keffler Hartline and Sweden's Ragnar Granit.

Biologist Wald, 60, whose abilities as a lecturer in Harvard's "Nat Sci 5" have made him one of the great college teachers in the U.S. (*TIME* cover, May 6, 1966), has been primarily concerned with the eye's chemical makeup and reactions. Pursuing a "hunch" in the early 1930s, he discovered the presence of vitamin A in the retina, then went on to determine its presence and complex workings in the visual pigment. Now, he says with undiminished excitement, "we're on the edge of a whole series of new things" in knowledge of the eye, including a better explanation—perhaps eventually even a treatment—for color blindness.

Hartline and Granit, by contrast, are primarily electro-physiologists who have made important discoveries regarding the nervous responses of vision. Hart-



HARTLINE



GRANIT



WALD

Cartographers among the Nobelist.

comparable to that of opiates or cocaine. Worse still, the drug may lead to psychosis or brain damage. About a third of the meth heads questioned at Corona indicated that their memory or ability to concentrate had been impaired by heavy doses. "From descriptions of the intensity of the paranoid state and the hypertension associated with amphetamine use," adds the article, "crimes of violence by amphetamine users appear likely in the future."

AWARDS

Good Beginning

Of all the sense organs, the eye—immensely complicated as it is—is probably the best understood. Since the German biologist Franz Boll discovered that a chemical change takes place when light enters the eye, scientists have worked out a fairly complete map of the mechanics of vision. Last week Stockholm's Royal Caroline Institute, custodian of the Nobel Prize in medicine, jointly awarded the 1967 prize to three of the most important eye cartographers of the present generation: the

line, 63, a professor at New York's Rockefeller University, has traced the patterns of nerve responses after light touches the retina's receptors. Using horseshoe crabs, which have relatively simple eyes, and frogs, he recorded the electrical signals sent out by a single nerve fiber, learned the neural influences of one receptor cell on another. "We listened in," he explains, "on the small traffic signals in the body of the crab."

Along the same lines, Granit, 67, who was a professor of neurophysiology at the Royal Caroline Institute until last spring and is now a visiting professor at Oxford, uncovered clues to how the eye determines color by demonstrating that nerve fibers in the retina are differently sensitive to lights of different wave lengths. However, for all that is known on "what happens between the outside and the inside" of the eye, says Hartline, the current knowledge of vision is "just a beginning. The next step is to know what happens in the visual centers of the brain." Only a beginning it may be, but a remarkably sophisticated beginning.

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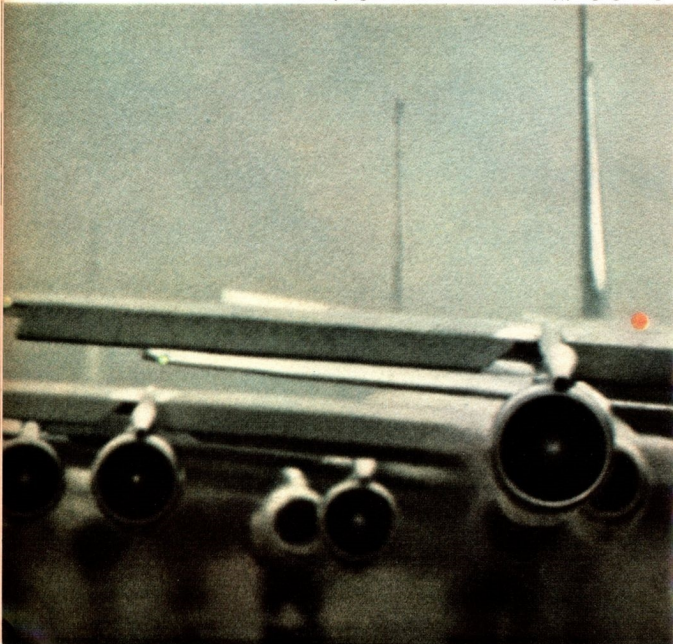
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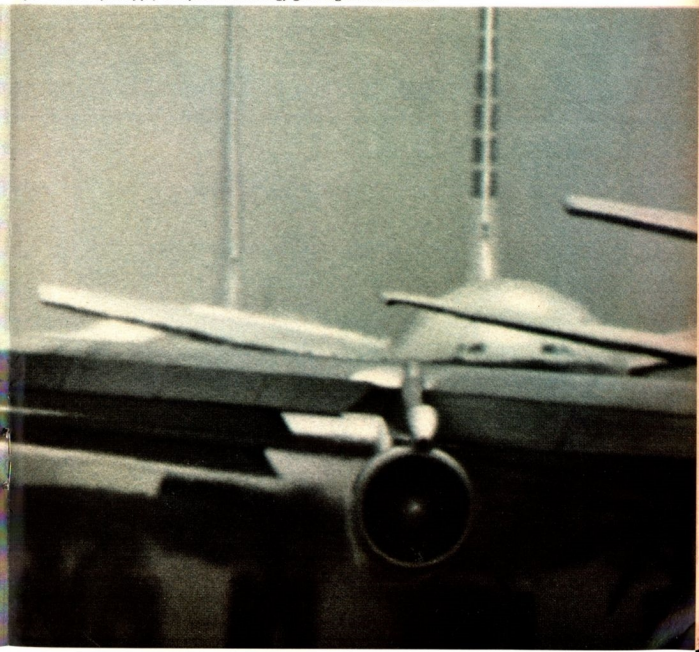
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Airlines.

pains. When you apply computer technology growing is a little easier.



Risen from the Ranks:

Adventures of an Ambitious Immigrant

It wasn't easy, coming to this country three years ago.

We were just a little whisky with a lot of big ideas. (And a lot of big competitors who were here first.)

So naturally we wondered.

Could we succeed by making fine Canadian whisky for Americans the way we'd been making it for Canadians for years?

(Which meant refusing to use just one distillery. But instead taking whiskies from our five distilleries, to get the best the old country could offer.)

Today, three years later, even we're surprised at what's happening.

A lot of whisky drinkers are forsaking their old whiskies. And drinking imported Canadian Lord Calvert instead.

Maybe someday we'll even be as big as our big competitors.

After all, isn't this the Land of Opportunity?



"Stick to it, my boy, and
you're bound to succeed."

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

A Search for Distinction

Speaking to 2,000 sun-warmed students, faculty and guests in the Greek Theater of Mills College, Student President Deborah Campbell caught the essence of the occasion in terms that only students at a women's school can fully appreciate. Said she: "There's a new man around campus." Indeed there is. Last week Robert Joseph Wert, 45, a tall (6 ft. 3 in.), handsome former vice provost and dean of undergraduate education at nearby Stanford, was inaugurated the ninth president of the West's best—and almost only—nonsectarian liberal arts college for girls. He succeeds the retiring C. Easton Rothwell, who led the school for eight years.

Mills is a peculiar blend of old and new, East and West. Founded in 1852 as a seminary-refuge for wealthy girls fleeing the crude gold-mining camp atmosphere of San Francisco, it later thrived on offering an exclusive Vasar-style education without the need for transcontinental travel. Today, Mills accents music, art, dance and drama, boasts some fine Victorian architecture, lets its girls enforce their own honor code in exams and conduct, and observes such quaint traditions as the seniors' tearful last tour of the campus by lantern light, pausing at sites they want to remember.

Desperate Shortage. Today the college's spacious 127-acre Western campus (20 minutes from San Francisco by freeway) also contains glossy ultramodern buildings, and its 770 students are broadly drawn from 45 states and 24 countries; nearly a fourth of the girls get financial help to meet the \$3,000 an-



HO



LANE



LINKLETTER

Along with Ravi, Stokely and Che, if only he were available.

nual charges. No longer interested in a protective, genteel education, Mills girls plunge eagerly into such unsheltered activities as tutoring Negro youngsters in Oakland and studying city government by taking part-time municipal jobs. Blessed with a legion of loyal and generous alumnae, Mills has nearly doubled faculty salaries in the past ten years (current average: \$10,556). The college is successfully raising about \$2,000,000 annually in an apparently endless fund drive.

President Wert, who has a Stanford Ph.D. in higher education and was an executive of New York's Carnegie Corporation for five years, is determined to lead Mills in new directions. He contends that since research-dominated universities no longer provide a meaningful liberal arts education, this task is now up to the small colleges. The liberal arts, he says, need to be redefined to help meet the "desperate shortage of people who are truly generalists." In his inaugural address, he called for faculty conferences to chart Mills's future, but indicated he will oppose the current trend among women's colleges of associating with a men's school. "I want Mills to take the fullest advantage of the fact that it is a college for women," he said. "I want it to discover a new, distinctive role in American higher education."

STUDENTS

Who's Who Among

Campus Celebrities

Nothing is quite as ephemeral as the popularity of visiting campus celebrities. This year, as student groups draw up their schedules of guest speakers, it is clear that anyone who rides the edges of the main political, social and cultural roads is far more likely to get an invitation than those who straddle the center line. The most desirable speaker, if only he were available, insists one Berkeley student leader, would be Ho Chi Minh. Almost as good, a Harvard student sighs sadly, would have been an-

other Communist, the newly deceased "Che" Guevara.

More realistically, campus groups are trying to land U.S. political figures—but often find them inaccessible too. California's Governor Ronald Reagan and New York City's Mayor John Lindsay seem to be getting, and turning down, more invitations than any other Republicans, although former Presidential Candidate Barry Goldwater and Gaddy William F. Buckley Jr. are still much in demand. With the possible exception of Senators Wayne Morse and J. William Fulbright—both harsh critics of U.S. policy in Viet Nam—no Democrats are hot on the campus circuit.

Despite a declining fervor for the civil rights movement, students are still eager to hear from two Negro militants: Stokely Carmichael and Dick Gregory. When they seek a religious figure, campus organizations think first of two unconventional Episcopal clergymen: the Rev. Malcolm (*Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*) Boyd and Bishop James A. Pike. Among academics, Economist John Kenneth Galbraith this year seems to be slightly more in vogue than Communications Theorist Marshall McLuhan.

Although their elders may be bored by it, students are not yet tired of the anti-Warren Commission crusade of Attorney Mark Lane. The psychedelic sound of musical groups such as the Jefferson Airplane is welcome, although the cost (up to \$8,000 an appearance) is far from popular. Sitarist Ravi Shankar is both a mystical and musical attraction, while LSD Guru Timothy Leary has slipped noticeably. Surprisingly enough, one of the most ubiquitous campus speakers among show business personalities is television's square old M.C., Art Linkletter, who has hit 20 campuses in the past two years, drew 3,500 University of Minnesota students to a talk on "The Pill and the Bomb" last February, and starts a tour of the Ivy League circuit this week.



WERT & MILLS STUDENTS
Leader for the generals.

MODERN LIVING

GAMBLING

Crooked Shake

"The customer may lose his money, but he will lose it honestly," Nevada Gaming Control Board Chairman Frank Johnson likes to say. And so most tourists believe; they are content to play at the tables in hopes of beating the odds, fully aware that they favor the house. If the players lose—and most do—they can go away at least feeling that they have had a fair shake. Then abruptly last week Nevada's gambling industry found its image marked with two black eyes; the state Gaming Control Board closed the big Lake Tahoe Hotel Casino after detecting crooked dice—the second casino in a month to be shut down for running a rigged crap game.

Tipped off that heavy losses were being racked up at the Lake Tahoe Hotel, agents from the Nevada attorney general's office infiltrated the dice game, stood in at the table for over an hour as one customer plunged deeper and deeper. The man they were watching was the stickman running the game, Clayton Gatterdam, 47, whom they spotted handling the dice instead of moving them with his stick, and occasionally reaching into his apron pockets between rolls. When the agents pounced, they found four pairs of mis-spotted dice in secret compartments in Gatterdam's apron; a fifth pair was in his trouser pocket.

The game stickman Gatterdam was running was a setup for suckers. Each set of dice was mis-spotted differently—the gull being to let the roller establish his point with straight dice, then slip in the mis-spotted pair that would make the point unattainable. Thus, by

using "even splitters"—numbers 1, 3 and 5 on one die and 2, 4 and 6 on the other—Gatterdam made certain that points 4, 6, 8 and 10 could never be made. Crapping out became inevitable. Since Nevada law holds that a casino is responsible for its employees and is liable to lose its license if one is found cheating, Gatterdam was taken into custody, and the Lake Tahoe Hotel Casino was closed pending trial.

Casino owners normally check up on the honesty of their dealers. Private detectives and closed-circuit TV monitoring of the tables are standard practice. But the second crackdown, and its attendant publicity, sent tremors of anxiety through the Nevada casino world. "We have a fortune tied up in the business," said an executive of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. "What's the percentage in risking it all—for no reason at all—when we can protect our investment and make a very nice return on it just playing it straight?"

DESIGN

Pop Goes the Plastic

There is hardly a mod shop from San Francisco and New York City to London and Paris that does not have its supply of see-through inflatable vinyl pillows decorated with boldly colored patterns silk-screened on the inside. When they first appeared a year ago, pillows seemed like just another passing pop phenomenon. Instead, they have proved to be the precursor of a new school of design that believes furniture ought to be, or at least look, invisible. Using vinyls and plastics, young American and European designers are now mass-producing chairs, sofas and tables that are low in cost, light in weight and suit almost any decor.

Blow Up. One leader in the new field is Manhattan's Mass Art, Inc., a quartet of young naturalized American designers from France, India, Ecuador and Cuba. Mass Art started out last year offering inflatable vinyl pillows for \$1. After expanding into tote bags and bubble earrings, it is now making an \$80 chair and a \$20 table. The chair consists simply of four clear vinyl pillows nesting in a spare aluminum frame, and anybody who sits in one looks like a master of levitation.

The pillows, which form the seat, arms and back, are chemically treated so that the worst thing a cigarette ember can do is burn a hole. If that happens, the pillow is unhooked and a \$5 spare substituted. Those with weak lungs can inflate the cushion by attaching it to a hair dryer or the exhaust opening of a vacuum cleaner. Mass Art's next project is a kit of inflatable chairs, sofas, and tables that can furnish an entire living room but be packed into a crate 5 ft. on a side.

Another of Manhattan's new plastics men is Neal Small, 30, who believes

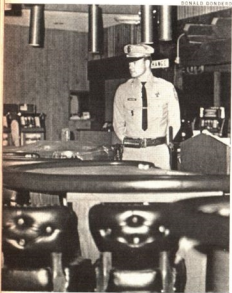


QUASAR KHANH IN SEE-THROUGH CHAIR
So new to be U.

that old-fashioned visible furniture is too "weighty, massive and oppressive—like having a dead whale in the living room." Small's answer is cubistic hard plastic chairs and tables, each transparent unit molded as one piece. His small rectangular tables have a surface only 13 in. by 16 in., but four of the units can be clustered to make a square coffee table or lined up in a row to make a long sideboard.

In Paris, three young designers—Jean Aubert, Jean-Paul Jungmann and Antonio Stinco—have simplified their furniture to the point where two basic units is all it takes to make a roomful of see-through inflatables. One unit is a vinyl "log" nearly 6 ft. long, the other a square pillow 3 in. thick. Hung vertically, six or eight logs form a room divider. Piled up, three or four pillows make a backless seat. Snapped together with built-in tabs, logs and pillows can be combined to form a wide variety of armchairs and sofas.

Farthest out of the see-through designers—at least in name—is Quasar Khanh, a 32-year-old Vietnamese now living in Paris, who appropriated the name of the most distant starlike bodies in the universe to distinguish himself from his better-known wife Emmanuelle, who is a pretty far-out designer of women's clothes. Quasar's furniture also uses just two components: pillows and a hard plastic frame shaped like a squashed three-dimensional U that, standing up, serves as a chair, on its side can be used as a see-through table. "Transparency is the criterion of our age," proclaims Quasar, but like other see-through inflatables, his furniture can be filled with water colored to fit the mood. Or, on a cold night, his pillows can be easily turned into cozy hot-water cushions.



CLOSING THE CASINO AT TAHOE
Even splitters for the gulls.

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KARSH, OTTAWA



MILTON L. MORRISON, President, Morrison Grain Company, Inc., Salina, Kansas

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"The property left to a family—investments, a business—can shrink sadly in meeting taxes, debts, expenses.

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE 



ARTIST WHITMAN & LASER-BEAM PROJECTOR
Nothing square about these squares.

KINETICS

Drawing in the Dark

In one semidarkened room of Manhattan's Pace Gallery, a white box beams a ruby red light into a corner, then unmarks itself mechanically so that the dot of light draws itself around the room into a full square. Then the line undraws itself back into a red dot. In another room, a narrow wavy red line bobbles against the four walls simultaneously, producing a giant square of four red lines that imprints itself on the spectators as they walk between the wall and light source. In the last room, another homage to the square is created by a bold six-inch-wide band of white light that moves in continuous waves around the room so rapidly that it seems to flash, even though the light square itself remains intact.

The name of the show is "Dark," and it is the newest wrinkle in kinetic art. It is instant light sculpture, produced by a laser beam (in the case of the red lines) and a mercury-vapor lamp (for the white). "Dark" was dreamed up by Robert Whitman, 32, an artist whose reputation in Manhattan art circles rests on his theater happenings and "cinema sculptures," including a movie of a nude taking a shower. Whitman is fascinated by the fourth dimension, and, to work through his newest analysis of it, he called on the services of two Bell Telephone Laboratories engineers, Eric Rawson and Larry Heilos. They showed him how laser beams, controlled by motorized projectors, could produce the desired effect of hard-edge geometric light lines against the wall (standard incandescent bulbs would diffuse into a more abstract-expressionist glow).

The middleman between Artist Whitman and his engineers was a one-year-old organization called EAT (Experiments in Art and Technology, Inc.), which operates under an \$8,000 grant from New York State, and expects to provide artists with the scientific savvy to produce even more far-out art. Among EAT's first private backers, each

of which has put up \$1,000 to encourage the liaison between art and industry and will lend its technicians to the cause, are A.T. & T., IBM and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

PAINTING

Touching at the Core

"An artist," says Romare Bearden, "is an art lover who finds that in all the art he sees, something is missing. To touch at the core of what he feels is missing, to put there what needs to be there, becomes the center of his life's work."

For Bearden, a heavy-set, light-skinned Negro, what was missing was an adequate portrayal of the worlds he had grown up in and knew best—the farm life of the sharecropper in the South, where he was born, the tense, raucous life of his boyhood in Harlem, where his father was a city health inspector, and Boston, where as a youth Bearden played pro baseball in the Negro leagues. The 15 works on display at Manhattan's Cordier & Ekstrom gallery are meant to fill in the gap. They range from scenes outside sharecroppers' shanties (see *color opposite*) and springtime in the cotton fields to a portrait of a gangland adolescent returning home in Harlem.

In material as well as topic, they are timely, for the smoothly lacquered collages are built of magazine scraps and subway billboard posters painted, pasted together and occasionally combined by photomontage. Nonetheless, the pictures illustrate the difference between journalism and art, for Bearden brings to his panoramas a poet's fantasy, a professional's technique, and a philosopher's understanding of reality.

Sons & Sons. Bearden, 53, has spent 30 years developing his technique. In the late 1930s he studied under Satirist George Grosz at Manhattan's Art Students League, next fell under the combined influences of Picasso, García Lorca and Hemingway (a 1946 show of gaudy oils and watercolors was in-

spired by García Lorca's lament for a bullfighter). In the 1950s, he painted in Paris, took a turn in Manhattan as a professional songwriter but periodically returned to canvases of Negro life. He began to use collage only in the 1960s.

What makes the final product so fresh and captivating is the skill with which Bearden employs his polyglot artistic heritage. His jigsaw Afro-American faces borrow their cubistic profiles from Picasso; yet, as Bearden says, Picasso in turn was inspired by African masks. Bearden also cadges tricks from Bosch, Brueghel and the neo-Dadaists, pasting a tiny sun in a woman's eye as she greets her returning juvenile-delinquent son (pun intended) in *The Return of the Prodigal Son*. All this intermingling has the effect of broadening his pictures from the specific into the universal. It takes no special knowledge of slumland to appreciate the irony of a startlingly adult little girl licking an ice-cream cone amid hostile stares in a Harlem *Summertime* ("They grow up fast in that part of town"). Finally, what is true for his Negro subjects becomes true for every man. With this judgment, Bearden is in profound agreement. "My subject," he says "is people. They just happen to turn out to be Negro."

SCULPTURE

Responding to the Moment

Rarely has the giant internal ramp of Manhattan's circular Guggenheim Museum, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, been put to better use. A visitor attending the Guggenheim's fifth International Exhibition can proceed downward through its five spirals, passing 100 works by 80 sculptors from 20 countries arranged by generation—and thereby receive a gradual baptism into the myriad ways that sculpture has evolved in the past 20 years.

For the first time the Guggenheim International is devoted exclusively to sculpture, but that, says Associate Curator Edward Fry, 32, who spent two years and traveled to 30 countries in preparation for it, is only a sign of the times. Sculpture, he believes, is "involved with specific objects, with facts," while painting "almost always maintains some quality of illusion, reference or metaphor." Says Fry: "The facts of sculpture correspond to the post-metaphysical moment we are in."

In Revolt. On the top spiral at the Guggenheim are displayed the eminents who died in the 1960s but whose work still seems relevant to the post-metaphysical moment: the dadaist abstractionist Arp, Giacometti's existential armature figures, the dynamic welded sculpture of David Smith, and the work of Burgoyne Diller, a precursor of minimalism. Next are the old masters whose common sensibility was formulated before World War II: Picasso, Nevelson, Lipchitz, Calder. Then come two generations of artists who, in Fry's opinion, are at once trying to escape

PATCHWORK NOSTALGIA

North Carolina-born Romare Bearden melds magazine clips to convey the heat and clutter of a Harlem street in "Summertime" (right). "Tomorrow I May Be Far Away" (below), named for a blues song, contrasts sharecropper squalor with vision of distant train on the horizon.



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But as far as you're concerned, there's only one plane in our entire fleet.

The one you're riding on.

Because no matter how big an airline is, you can only fly on one plane at a time.

And once you've stepped on board, the biggest airline in the world is only as big as the plane you're on.

So if that plane you're riding is late—the airline is late.

And the fact that every other plane in the fleet is right on time doesn't impress you one bit.

So why call Delta the one-plane airline? Because we fly only one plane?

Hardly. (We have an \$863 million jet program under way.)

It's because we realize that, as far as you're concerned, our reputation is rid-

ing on the one plane *you're* riding on. We keep that fact clearly in mind.

So you won't catch us bragging about our service—on the *whole*.

Or our on-time record—on the *average*.

But we will tell you this: we won't be satisfied until we have the best fleet of one-plane airlines in the business.



The one plane that matters is yours.



GUGGENHEIM'S FIFTH INTERNATIONAL®
Baptism on a tabula rasa.

from Renaissance definitions of sculpture and "in revolt against the ways in which older artists have come to terms with their problems."

Included in this group are the "fantastics," born between 1910 and 1930, who explore odd materials and resort to private mythologies, whether through the twisted polyurethane of Chamberlain, the plaster casts of Segal, the junk sculpture of Stankiewicz, or the soft objects of Claes Oldenburg. On the bottom three tiers, and on the ground floor and bottom levels, in stage center, are the minimalists, including Tony Smith (Time cover, Oct. 13). It is Fry's opinion that the minimalists, who build industrially produced large-scale works, are trying to achieve a "tabula rasa, the clean slate upon which a totally new art may be invented."

From Here to Infinity. To sculpture buffs, most of the U.S. and European artists' names are familiar, but Curator Fry has made a determined effort to provide rarely seen examples of their work. Still more newsworthy is the display of the seven examples of Japanese sculpture, which show that Nippon's advanced technology and freedom from European tradition have produced some sculptors with slates as clean as any in the U.S. *The Port*, an internally lit blue and transparent plastic piece by Katsuhiro Yamaguchi, and the giant slab of plastic Swiss cheese called *Blue Dots* by Noriyasu Fukushima have the same cleanness as Robert Morris' silvery series of knife-edged I-beams and Donald Judd's turquoise modular grids. All four works convey a feeling of openness and expansion, a common dedication to a spatial rhythm that can, in theory at least, be repeated to infinity.

* On the ground floor, Robert Morris' I-beam minimalists; on the first tier, Fukushima's arched *Blue Dots*.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



EXPENSE CONTROL is of vital concern to management these days. At every level, managers are being asked for action programs to maximize short-range profits by tighter controls on costs.

The real challenge for a manager is to strike a balance between short-range corrective programs and continued long-range constructive plans. And further, to communicate this balance to people below him who may only see cause for pessimism in his actions.

For example, our managers have been working hard on controlling expenses this year. But we've invested in four new management development programs for supervisors instituted in 1967. We've been tough on marginal or inefficient producers as identified by a strengthened, improved performance appraisal system. At the same time, this system has provided a sound basis for salary increases and promotions that are comparable with last year's record.

So, while our employees know we take a tough line on inventory control of goods, they see we're putting just as much time and attention into building and improving our "people inventory." And that's the inventory on which the future of the business rests.

* * *

Colonel W. F. Rockwell has been awarded the Decoration of Francisco de Miranda, by decree of the President of Venezuela. The award has been made for his outstanding contribution in stimulating foreign investments for the industrial and economic development of the Republic of Venezuela. The award was presented to the Colonel at the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington, D.C., by the Venezuelan ambassador to the United States, Dr. Enrique Tejera-Paris. Colonel Rockwell has in the past received many distinguished international honors, including the title of "Commandeur de l'ordre de la Couronne" from King Leopold III, of Belgium; the "Cruzeiro do sul" of Brazil; and was knighted by the President of Italy in the order of "Al Merito della Repubblica."

* * *

Have you gotten a Rockwell power tool as a gift yet? If not, it won't be long, for the Premium & Incentive Department of our Power Tool Division reports sharply increased use of power tools as gifts, bonuses, and incentive prizes by business firms. (If you're on the business giving end, you may be interested in seeing a copy of our four-color Premium & Incentive Catalog; send us a note on your letterhead and we'll send one along.) But if you don't get a power tool in your business life, hint around: your wife can pick out your Christmas gift with the help of a knowledgeable Rockwell Power Tool dealer.

* * *

The Rockwell-Edward valves installed at an eastern utility may be the world's largest: 12 feet tall, they weigh 7 tons each, with steel walls over 5 inches thick. The Impactogear handwheels used to open and close them are 6 feet in diameter. Closing these valves during seat tests at elevated pressures required 1,175,000 pounds of thrust on the stem — a thrust equal to that developed by the Titan rocket boosters on the Gemini space flights.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPORT

FOOTBALL

Trojan Horses

Any college coach whose team has to play Texas, Michigan State, Notre Dame, Washington and U.C.L.A. in one season had better have a sense of humor. Southern California's John McKay, 44, is quick with a quip. Ask McKay whether he thinks emotion is important in football, and he says: "My wife is emotional, but she's a very poor football player." Compliment John on the fact that his Trojans are the No. 1-ranked team in the U.S., and he shrugs: "We always have a good team. We should have. We have excellent coaching." Ask him the reason for six straight victories—over Washington State (49-0), Texas (17-13), Michigan State (21-17), Stanford (30-0), Notre Dame (24-7) and Washington (23-6)—and he draws: "Well, when I looked over our 1967 schedule last year, I told my scouts to find me a man who stood six-feet-one, weighed 205 lbs. and could run the 100-yd. dash in 9.4 sec."

The Most. That description fits a San Francisco dockworker's son named O. (for Orenthal) J. (for James) Simpson, 20, whose rookie year on the Southern Cal varsity may turn out to be the most spectacular season any major-college running back ever had. In his first six games, Halfback Simpson has carried the ball 180 times for 987 yds., is well within reach of the all-time season records for most carries (296) and most yards gained (1,570). O.J. also catches passes—eight so far, for 114 yards—and even throws them occasionally: in five attempts he has three completions, all for touchdowns. Touchdowns? He has scored up nine. Against Washington last week, he ran 86 yds. for one TD, 10 yds. for another, and passed 17 yds. for a third.

Not that Simpson is the only horse in the Trojan camp. He may be the fastest—last June, O.J. ran the third leg on Southern Cal's sprint relay team that set a world record of 38.6 sec. for 440

yds. But Flanker Jim Lawrence runs the 100 in 9.6 sec. End Earl McCulloch is a co-holder of the world record (13.2 sec.) for the 110-meter-high hurdles. And Fullback Mike Hull, at 230 lbs. the heavyweight of the U.S.C. backfield, has been clocked at 5.6 sec. for 50 yds. in full football gear.

The Bulwark. All that speed leads Notre Dame's Coach Ara Parseghian to call U.S.C. "undoubtedly the fastest college team I have ever seen." And certainly one of the most complete. There is All-America Tackle Ron Yary, the 6-ft. 6-in., 245-lb. bruiser who bulwarks the offensive line, and Linebacker Adrian Young, who intercepted four Notre Dame passes. And there is Quarterback Steve Sogge, a top pro baseball prospect (he batted .400 for the U.S. team that won at last summer's Pan American Games), who could also fling a football 60 yds.—if he got the chance.

One day he may. For now, Coach McKay favors a more conservative approach—like giving the ball to O.J. Simpson 30-odd times a game. At 5.4 yds. a crack, why not? Besides, says McKay, "O.J. doesn't belong to any union. He can carry the ball as many times as we want him to."

Picking on the Packers

"The Green Bay Packers?" scoffs Tackle Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions. "Why, they're just an average team. They're going to get beat often." In past years, such talk would have drawn a chorus of mirthless laughter in any N.F.L. locker room. This season, Karras may have a point. In their first five games, Coach Vince Lombardi's Packers, champions in four out of the past six seasons, hardly looked like the terrors they were cracked up to be.

Against Karras' Lions in the season opener, Green Bay had to come from behind to escape with a 17-17 tie. They then barely scraped by the so-so Chicago Bears 13-10 on a last-minute field goal, and won uninspired victories (27-17, 23-0) in a return match with De-



GRABOWSKI STOPPED BY MINNESOTA
Some mirth in the laughter now.

troit and against the fledgling Atlanta Falcons. Two weeks ago, Green Bay suffered through an afternoon with the Minnesota Vikings; at the closing gun, the Packers found themselves on the short end of a 10-7 score against a team that had lost four straight. Worse yet was the way Minnesota won—by beating the Packers at their own ball-control brand of football. The Viking offense completed only two passes, chopped out the yardage on the ground; the Viking defense intercepted three Packers passes, stopped Green Bay nine times on third-down situations, and held them to a paltry 42 yds. total rushing.

Age & Injuries. Lombardi's defense is the same solid rock, allowing just 54 points in five games, fewest in the league. The offense is the rub. In five games the Packers scored only 87 points to rank a lamentable twelfth out of 16 teams; 22 times they lost the ball on fumbles and interceptions v. 24 times for the entire 1966 season. Injury-benched Fritz Thurston is no longer opening up truck-size holes at guard; age appears to be robbing Forrest Gregg, Jerry Kramer and Bob Skoronski of their speed and timing. In the backfield, the Packers sorely miss the devastating running and blocking of Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor. Replacements Donny Anderson, 24, and Jim Grabowski, 23, may yet earn their \$1,000,000 bonuses, but they have quite a way to go: against Minnesota, Green Bay's "Gold Dust Twins" gained only 32 yds. in 19 carries. Bart Starr is still the incomparable quarterback. But Starr has been hampered by rib injuries and a jammed thumb, served up an embarrassing nine interceptions in the first two games, and was taken out of the Atlanta game because of his injuries.

Starr is slated to return on Oct. 30 against the St. Louis Cardinals, winners of three of their first five games.



SIMPSON



SOGGE



MCCULLOUGH

Quick quips and fast feet in a nonunion shop.

And that, to say the least, will take a load off Coach Lombardi's mind. "We're having a helluva time," admits Vinnie. "But this is going to be a great club, maybe next year, maybe this year. Or," he added, "maybe next week."

BASEBALL

Nay for Quality

The fascinating thing about Charles O. Finley, 49, is the way he brings out the worst in other people. In the seven years that Millionaire Finley has owned the Kansas City Athletics, he has managed—accidentally or deliberately—to raise more dust than a prairie twister. Managers have violently disagreed with him, players have rebelled, fans have hanged him in effigy. Those incidents were nothing compared with the howler that hit last week when Finley's fellow American League owners voted to 1) allow him to move the Athletics to Oakland, Calif., next season, and 2) expand the league from ten to twelve teams in 1969, granting new franchises to Kansas City and Seattle.

On the floor of the U.S. Senate, Missouri's Stuart Symington called Finley "one of the most disreputable characters ever to enter the American sports scene." In Cincinnati, National League President Warren Giles deplored the American League's hasty, unilateral decision to expand. Giles was right, but his moral position was a little weak: the National League, after all, did not bother to consult American League owners before moving into Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston and Atlanta. That still did not make the motives of Finley & friends any nobler or any less obvious. Moving the A's to Oakland will cut into the Bay Area monopoly enjoyed for ten years by the National League's San Francisco Giants. And Seattle is the last big TV market area still untapped by baseball.

One sure result of the expansion is more money—mainly for the owners, although some of it may find its way into players' pockets.* The loss will be in the quality of the game. Good ballplayers already are in short supply and the caliber of expansion teams created on such short notice is bound to be dreadful. Witness the New York Mets.

And will the National League be forced to expand, too? A new team in Dallas would reduce the Houston Astros' market, and a team in San Diego would hurt the Los Angeles Dodgers. Milwaukee is available, but it has a memory. Suppose the National League sticks to ten teams. The American League undoubtedly will play a longer season, thereby complicating the scheduling of the World Series. Where was the Commissioner of Baseball in all this? He seems to have struck out.

* One American League got his raise—a fat one—last week. Carl Yastrzemski, the league-champion Boston Red Sox's slugging leftfielder, signed a 1968 contract calling for a \$55,000 boost to \$100,000.



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RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY

Reformation Day Looks Ahead

On Oct. 29, Reformation Sunday, members of ten Protestant churches in Albert Lea, Minn., will proceed in a motorcade to the Roman Catholic Benedictine Abbey of St. John's at Collegeville. There, leaders of the churches will hand over the proceeds of a special collection as a contribution toward completing a new Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural Research at St. John's. The Protestant donors and Catholics will then celebrate a joint worship service in the abbey church.

Once an occasion for Protestants to recall the glories of their heritage and

Lutheran Theologian Bruce Wrightsman. Last week's issue of the Jesuit weekly *America* had a portrait of Luther on its cover; inside, an article notes that it is now the consensus of Catholic theologians that "Luther was a profoundly spiritual thinker who was driven to revolt by worldly and incompetent Popes." In Europe, Catholic theologians will be among the handful of observers allowed by the East German government to attend Reformation Week ceremonies at Wittenberg.

Nowhere is ecumenical enthusiasm for Reformation Day greater than in The Netherlands. There, Catholic, Protestant and even Jewish scholars have participated in preparing a televised series of documentaries on Luther and his ideas, and this week there will be a major interfaith symposium at the Lutheran church adjacent to Amsterdam's Municipal University. Also in Amsterdam, Jesuit Theologian Pieter van Kilsdonk will celebrate the anniversary by presiding over a combined prayer service for Protestants and Catholics in a college chapel dedicated to St. Ignatius Loyola—a patron saint of the Counter-Reformation.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Rumors in Budapest

After the crushing of Hungary's anti-Russian revolt eleven years ago, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty took refuge in the U.S. mission in Budapest, where he has lived ever since. Last week Budapest buzzed with rumors that Mindszenty, now 75, was about to abandon his self-chosen prison. Lending weight to the reports, Vienna's Franziskus Cardinal König flew to Budapest for his fourth visit to Mindszenty this year. Yet at week's end König had again left the country—alone.

What had happened? Knowledgeable students of the Mindszenty affair were torn between two possible theories. One was that the cardinal had agreed to a Hungary-Vatican deal by which he would have been allowed to leave the country in peace, but then backed down at the last minute when the Communists refused to drop a charge of treason against him. Another was that Mindszenty was so angered by Washington's decision to restore full diplomatic relations with Hungary that he planned to walk out of the mission simply to embarrass incoming U.S. Ambassador Martin Hillenbrand—even at the risk of arrest.

Ex-Priests on the Attack

Father James Kavanaugh, an angry priest who wrote a book bitterly attacking the Roman Catholic Church, last week announced that he is finally resigning from the priesthood and intends to get married. Coincidentally, British Theologian Charles Davis, an angry ex-priest who left the church and got married,

has now written a book bitterly attacking Roman Catholicism.

Speaking to a student group at the University of Notre Dame, Father Kavanaugh, whose *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church* (TIME, July 7) has sold 140,000 copies, announced that he had submitted his resignation from the priesthood to his bishop, the Most Rev. Alexander Zaleski of Lansing. "I'm tired of beating my head against the wall," Kavanaugh said, explaining that his resignation was a protest against the failure of bishops to enact the reforms proposed by the Second Vatican Council.

Kavanaugh poured out his scorn for canon law ("Dump it into the Tiber"), the Mass in English (which he called meaningless), and clerical celibacy. He admitted that he not only dates occasionally but also hopes eventually to marry. "I don't know how I, as a man,



LUTHER (BY HOLBEIN, CA. 1530)

From symbol of schism to focus for unity.

the un-Christian follies of Romanism, Reformation Sunday is becoming an ecumenical event that looks to the future rather than the past. Across the world, this year's celebration—marking the 450th anniversary of Martin Luther's posting of his 95 theses at Wittenberg—is being shared in by Catholics as well as Protestants. For both branches of Western Christianity, the great Reformer is increasingly seen not as a symbol of past schism but as a potential focus for unity to come. "Rap-prochement between Catholic and Protestant churches can come," says Lutheran Theologian Jürgen Winterhager of Berlin, "not despite but through the Reformation."

Profound Thinker. In the U.S., almost every major Protestant commemoration of the Reformation will have Catholic observers on hand. In some cases, Catholics are organizing ceremonies of their own. Our Lady Queen of Peace Parish in Madison, Wis., for example, will have an afternoon service commemorating the birth of Protestantism at which the guest speaker will be



DAVIS & WIFE

KAVANAUGH

Hung up all around.

can find God and meaning without a close personal relationship with a woman," he said. Accused of being a trifle obsessed with sexual problems, Kavanaugh answered: "Everyone is hung up on sex."

Credibility Issue. Ex-Priest Davis, by contrast, firmly insists that dissatisfaction with clerical celibacy had nothing to do with his leaving the church last December (TIME, Dec. 30). In a new book called *A Question of Conscience* (Harper & Row), Davis, 44, claims that his decision to defect was the result of his years of theological study, which gradually convinced him that Catholicism could not justify its claim to be the one true church of Christ and instead had become a "zone of untruth."

Davis attacks Catholicism on two major points: it is not a credible representation of what Christ's church ought to be, and its claim to be founded by Jesus through the Apostles cannot be justified historically. On the credibility issue Davis cites examples of the lack of freedom within the church, and its refusal to admit past error. Davis also argues that there is no convincing Scriptural basis for the institution of the

20/20 FORESIGHT

An aerial photograph of the Chicago skyline, showing numerous skyscrapers and buildings. The image is tilted slightly to the right, matching the angle of the headline. The sky is a pale blue, and the city lights are visible on the buildings.

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PANASONIC

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Picture simulated.

papacy, and that the community of faith envisioned by Jesus was not the highly structured ecclesiastical bureaucracy that Rome is today but simply a loose-knit association of believers.

Go It Alone. Equally convinced that Catholicism today is hopelessly outmoded, both Kavanaugh and Davis agree, in essence, on how disaffected Catholics should face up to the situation. Kavanaugh, although he still considers himself a Catholic, believes basically that Christians should go it alone spiritually; what he wants is "freedom to find God without arrogant priests telling me I can't." More theologically, Davis proposes a state of "creative disaffiliation"—meaning committing oneself to Christ and Christian values but standing apart from any specific church. Both ex-priests intend to follow an independent path. Kavanaugh, who has technically been on leave from his diocese, will continue to serve as a marriage counselor at the nonsectarian Human Resources Institute in La Jolla, Calif. Davis is now a \$16,000-a-year Visiting Professor of Religious Studies at the University of Alberta in Canada.

Calling for Contraception

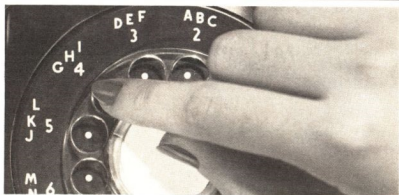
A worldwide assembly of Roman Catholic laymen last week urged the Pope to let Catholic couples decide for themselves whether or not to practice birth control.

What made the recommendation something of a surprise was the nature of the group that proposed it: the Third World Congress of the Lay Apostolate in Rome, most of whose 2,900 participants are Establishment Catholics closely associated with ecclesiastical affairs. Even more striking was the fact that the plea closely followed upon a stern papal warning to the laity against seeking too ambitious a role in governing the church. Preaching at a Mass for the congress at St. Peter's Basilica, Pope Paul warned against the danger of creating "two parallel hierarchies" of clergy and laymen. "Anyone who attempts to act without the hierarchy or against it," he said, "could be compared to the branch that atrophies because it is no longer connected with the stem that provided its sap."

Undaunted, the delegates proceeded to endorse the morality of contraception, despite strong minority opposition from lay Catholics representing African and Latin American countries. Citing the "anguishing" problem of a world population explosion, the resolution expressed the "very strong feeling among Christian lay people that there is a need for a clear stand by the teaching authorities of the church, which would focus on fundamental moral and spiritual values." That stand, said the laymen, should include "leaving the choice of scientific and technical means for achieving responsible parenthood to parents acting in accordance with their Christian faith and on the basis of medical and scientific consultation."



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SPACE

Two Touches of Venus

After lonely, four-month journeys through the void, two ingeniously contrived spacecraft—one Russian, the other American—reached Venus last week. Methodically investigating the cloud-shrouded planet, they successfully radioed their findings back across 50 million miles of space to scientists on earth. The dual performance was perhaps the most impressive demonstration yet of the technical progress made by man during his first decade of space flight.

Diving directly into the planet's dense, murky atmosphere, Russia's 2,427-lb. Venus 4 ejected an egg-shaped, instrument-crammed capsule. Although the mother ship was quickly incinerated by the frictional heat of its plunge, the capsule was insulated by an ablative coating that gradually burned off as it heated. At an altitude of 15.5 miles, when its velocity had been sufficiently slowed by Venusian "air" resistance, the capsule automatically deployed a parachute and began drifting slowly toward the surface. As it descended through the whirling gases, the capsule sniffed them, noted their composition, temperature and pressure, and dutifully reported them back to earth.

Atmosphere Profile. America's 540-lb. Mariner 5 took a less direct approach, swinging to within 2,480 miles of the Venusian surface and then briefly disappearing behind the planet before heading toward a permanent orbit around the sun. As Mariner drew close, its instruments searched for a Venusian magnetic field and an accompanying radiation belt, and peered down into the

upper atmosphere to determine its height and temperature profile. As the spacecraft swung behind Venus, its radio signals passed through the Venusian atmosphere on their way to earth. By measuring the effect the intervening gases had on the strength, frequency and path of these signals, scientists could estimate both the density and pressure of the atmosphere.

In Moscow, scientists lost little time in revealing the details of what Venus 4 had found. Although the temperature at 15.5 miles was an uncomfortable but bearable 104° F., they reported, it gradually increased as the capsule drifted lower, reaching a scorching 536° F. by the time that transmissions ceased some 90 minutes later.

But the Russians failed to clarify—and perhaps do not know—whether the signals stopped after the capsule reached the Venusian surface or while it was still descending, leaving open the possibility that even higher temperatures exist at lower altitudes. (Data recorded by Mariner 2 in 1962 and by radio-telescope observations have indicated Venusian surface temperatures as high as 800° F.) In any event, there seems little doubt that extreme heat finally silenced the capsule, either by damaging its parachute and causing it to plunge to destruction or simply by frying its electronic components.

The Soviet capsule also measured Venusian atmospheric pressures up to 15 times as great as the earth's and determined that the atmosphere consists almost entirely of carbon dioxide, which, scientists believe, is spewed out by volcanic activity. No trace of nitrogen (which constitutes 78% of the earth's atmosphere) and only 1.5% of

oxygen and water vapor were detected. In readings made before Venus 4 entered the atmosphere, the Russians could find no evidence of a Venusian magnetic field and radiation belt.

Scientific Chagrin. Mariner 5 accumulated and recorded so much data that at week's end it was still being played back and transmitted to Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. From preliminary glimpses at Mariner's telemetry, JPL's scientists confirmed Venus 4's discovery of a halo or corona of hydrogen around Venus and agreed that the atmosphere is indeed "dense." They also reported that there had been some fluctuations in the magnetic field surrounding Mariner as it swung past Venus, but that this did not necessarily mean the detection of a Venusian magnetic field.

Although U.S. scientists were confident that Mariner's findings, when fully evaluated, would rival those of Venus 4 in importance, they were clearly chagrined at the Soviet success in sending an operational instrumented capsule through the atmosphere of another planet, years before the U.S. is scheduled even to attempt such a feat. Russia, they note, has already attempted 18 probes to Mars and Venus—compared with only five for the U.S.—and appears to be willing to pay the great costs of planetary exploration. Congress, on the other hand, has continuously snipped away at NASA's budget, leaving the U.S. only four planned planetary probes: a pair of Mars photographic flybys in 1969 and possibly a pair of Mariner instrumented soft landings in 1975.

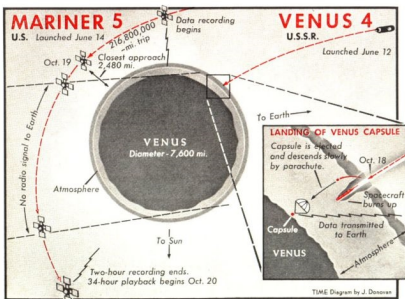
CRYOGENICS

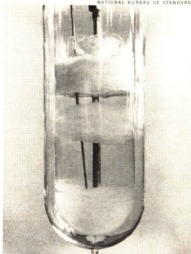
Not-So-Common Cold

"Consider a world so cold," says Union Carbide Engineer Roger Thompson, "that the very air you breathe turns to liquid or freezes as solid as a block of ice, where steel is as brittle as glass, a rubber ball shatters when it hits the floor, and lead is an almost perfect conductor of electricity." The odd goings-on described by Engineer Thompson all occur in the far-out world of cryogenics—the science of ultra-low temperatures.

Although it has risen from the status of a laboratory novelty only within the past decade, cryogenics now occupies the attention of hundreds of scientists, has growing applications in industry and science and shows fascinating promise for the near future. Scientists are already talking about cryogenic technology that will make possible transmission lines that conduct electricity without power losses, switching elements that make computers incredibly faster and smaller, and high-speed trains that float on magnetic cushions.

More than Records. The cryogenic temperature range begins at a chilly -150° F. and plummets to -459.7° F.,





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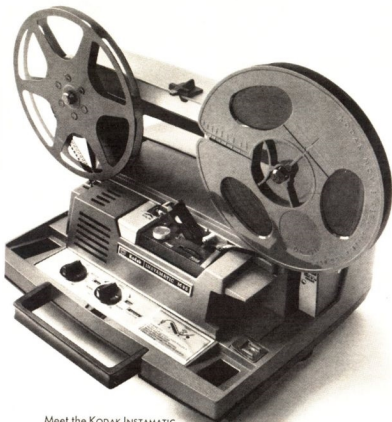
or absolute zero, the point at which all thermal motion of the atom ceases. To attain these temperatures, scientists use expansion engines that compress gases, cool them and allow them to expand again, then repeat the cycle until they liquefy and eventually solidify. As the gases approach absolute zero, a sophisticated magnetization process extracts their remaining reservoir of heat. Because there will always be slight thermal motion of the atomic particles, scientists will never actually achieve absolute zero. But last July, Naval Research Laboratory Physicist Arthur Spohr reported achieving a record low temperature by chilling helium to within a millionth of a degree of absolute zero— $\frac{1}{10}$ of a millionth of a degree colder than the lowest temperature previously achieved.

More than records are at stake in making the closest possible approach to absolute zero. As the motion of atomic particles decreases with increasing cold, scientists can study the particles more closely and learn more about the forces that bind them together.

Extreme cold also produces the phenomenon of superconductivity, which scientists are putting to work in scores of applications. As temperatures approach absolute zero, the electrical resistance of many elements and compounds suddenly disappears. These substances become highly efficient conductors, and small voltages produce large currents that continue to flow indefinitely even after the power source has been withdrawn. Scientists can now envision a superconductive power-transmission line cooled by liquid helium that could carry 100 billion watts of direct current for hundreds of miles with no appreciable losses.

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tors will eventually replace bulky electromagnets in these areas. A 1-lb. superconducting magnet cooled by a 200-lb. refrigerating system and powered by a 6-volt battery can produce as intense a magnetic field as an iron-core electromagnet weighing several tons and requiring 50 kilowatts of power. Entire trains could be suspended above their roadbeds in strong magnetic fields produced by superconducting magnets, enabling them to travel more smoothly and with less friction at speeds over 300 m.p.h.

Another strange property of superconductors makes them ideal for use in computers; when they are placed in a magnetic field, their electrical resistance reappears. Thus by alternately applying and withdrawing a magnetic field, scientists can turn a superconductor into an on-off switching device many times faster (and many times smaller) than the solid-state semiconductors now used in computers. With cryogenic techniques, a closet-size computer could fit in a shoe box. Cryogenics will also make possible such esoteric devices as loss-free superconductive motors with rotors that float in liquid helium, and superconductive gyroscopes that float in frictionless magnetic fields.

Frigid Mud. By chilling electronic equipment to cryogenic temperatures, scientists have already been able to reduce troublesome background noise caused by the random movement of atoms within metallic circuit components; the atoms are literally subdued by lower temperatures. Cryogenically cooled infra-red detectors used in astronomy, aerial mapping and anti-aircraft missiles are many more times sensitive to heat than those operated at normal temperatures.

In more familiar applications, liquefied gases freeze food up to six times as fast as conventional freezing and produce smaller ice crystals, thus damaging fewer food cells. Liquid gases are being used in head and neck surgery, and to freeze human and animal semen for later use in artificial insemination.

Liquid oxygen (LOX) is used as an oxidizer in rocket engines and in steel production. Liquid hydrogen has been proposed as the fuel for the supersonic transport and as the propellant in a nuclear rocket. In bubble chambers, it allows scientists to trace the path of subatomic particles. Gas companies are liquefying natural gas for more convenient and economical storage, and liquid nitrogen is now used to freeze the earth around excavations so that mud will not slide into the work area.

To avoid shutting down large portions of the city water system when they began installing water meters at every residence, water-department workers in Boulder, Colo., turned to cryogenics. At each house, they poured liquid nitrogen over the inlet pipes, which froze the water inside for 20 minutes and enabled them to install the meter without losing so much as a drip.



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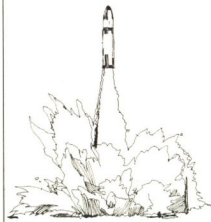
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Today, the Rigid Rotor is seeing duty on prototypes for Cheyenne, the U.S. Army/Lockheed armed "compound aircraft" (a helicopter with wings and propeller). Looking ahead, Lockheed has plans incorporating the Rigid Rotor's safety advantages in future city-center-to-city-center "compound aircraft." Carrying passengers, these would take off and land like helicopters, but would cruise on wings using propeller or jet power.

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TELEVISION

NEWSCASTING

Filling the Front Page

A sobbing woman in a soot-stained house dress picks through the burned-out ruins of her house. A mud-caked G.I. wearily slumps into his foxhole and mutters that war is hell. A phalanx of policemen plows into a mob of shouting demonstrators and drags them off to the patrol wagons.

These scenes, flashed into the living rooms of more than 30 million Americans last week, were notable for the fact that they could be seen in near carbon-copy similarity on any one of the three TV networks' newscasts. The tendency to cover the news in triplicate is less attributable to a lack of imagination than it is to the limitations unique to TV journalism. Since TV is so much a visual medium, the networks are prone to judge a news story solely on its pictorial value. Thus, in covering fires, wars and riots, all the cameras point in the same direction—toward where the action is. What could give the coverage distinction is an analysis of the action, but as servants of the tyranny of time, newscasters are compelled to explain only what can be crammed into a few scant minutes.

Bobby Howitzers. Nowhere are these problems more critical than in Viet Nam. "This is really TV's first war," explains Edward Fouhy, head of CBS's Saigon bureau. "Men are fighting, getting wounded and dying. That has tremendous impact; but transmitted right into the living room, it can be quite out of context with the whole picture here. We're still trying to find the best way to cover it." In many cases, important stories that do not readily lend themselves to pictorial treatment—such as the economic and social rehabilitation

of South Viet Nam—get little or no air time. "You can spend several days digging out a difficult story," complains one TV correspondent, "then lose out on play to a bloody action story with no meaning or message." The result—war brought into U.S. living rooms every night—helps explain why it is that so many Americans are so frustrated over Viet Nam. One network staffer there says: "Why should I miss the big shows by explaining too much? We hit hard with the visuals and leave the broader explanations to the press."

Equally nettlesome is the problem of keeping up with the action while lugging around 100 lbs. of cameras, amplifiers, power packs, recorders, lights and film—in addition to full field gear. The cameras, which look like baby howitzers on stilts, were designed in the 1930s for Hollywood studio use; they are not worth much in the paddies, but they do make good targets: at least eight TV newsmen have been wounded in the past year. Says Dick Rosenbaum, ABC's Saigon bureau chief: "If our crew goes out the right side of a chopper, it may get no action. If the competition goes out the left side and finds action, how do you get over to that side under fire? Sometimes you can best describe getting good combat footage as luck."

Mocking Mock-Up. On the domestic front, it is sometimes the newsmen who make the combat. The sight of a TV camera's hot eye dolly in on a protest picket line can be the spark that ignites a riot. All too aware of this, the networks now instruct their film crews to travel in unmarked cars, dispense with floodlights, and keep their lenses capped until there is something to film. Still, it is often too obvious that demonstrators screaming slogans at the cops

are also performing for the cameras. The networks, always fearful that they will be scooped by the competition, cover many insignificant demonstrations, lending the impression that if a man wants to appear on the 7 p.m. news all he has to do is get a sign and march around for a while.

No one is more aware of these shortcomings than the TV newsmen themselves. Mindful that perhaps two-thirds of the U.S. public looks to the tube as its primary source of news, they are constantly seeking to improve their product. The latest emphasis is on expanded coverage. CBS recently made up a dummy of the New York Times's front page filled with all the words read by Walter Cronkite on a single newscast. The shocker was not the content but the size: Cronkite's piece filled only six of the Times's eight columns. The self-mocking mock-up was the work of CBS News President Richard Salant, and its message was clear: CBS news, as well as the news departments of other networks, wants—indeed needs—to fill out its electronic front page with a full hour of news instead of the 30-minute evening program.

Gut Feeling. Breaking the 30-minute barrier is not just a matter of wishful thinking. In an effort to expand its coverage, NBC has already begun experimenting with the format of the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*. Instead of hopscooting through a long list of news items, the dulcet duo now devote more time to fewer stories—much as they would do on an hour show. One evening last week, for example, Cronkite covered 18 stories while Huntley and Brinkley ran only twelve, eight of them brief. The major four consisted of an extended report on the forest fires in California, a talk piece on the annual Governors' Conference, a roundup of anti-draft demonstrations and—considering that H.B. have a news hole of only 23 minutes—an innovative ten-minute analysis of an East German film on U.S. prisoners in North Viet Nam.* The show has also initiated informal discussions on the day's events with Correspondents Sander Vanocur and John Chancellor in Washington, Douglas Kiker in New York, and Jack Perkins in Los Angeles. Many newsmen feel that the best time period for this new kind of format would be at 10 or 10:30 p.m. "We have a gut feeling," says Chet Huntley, "that if they give us a late-evening slot we can come up with higher ratings than some of the entertainment shows."

Only an attempt by the networks can test Huntley's feeling. It may be that viewers simply will not want to sit through an hour's session—at least not until TV news presentation has made even further improvements in technique, style and content.



CBS NEWSMAN INTERVIEWING G.I. IN VIET NAM
Servants of the tyranny of time.

* Such are the pressures of TV economics that NBC devoted a lot of time to the film probably to justify the \$12,000 that it paid for it.

RADIO

The Decibelters

Hey! Baby! This is me! Rockin' Robbie D! I'm so bad I make flowers die I make babies cry I take candy from babies and give dogs rabies and if that ain't had the rain don't fall and that ain't all—biscuits ain't bread!

Bad, sad and just plain mad, the slang harangue of Rockin' Robbie D is delivered in a keening, rapid-fire wail that is recognizable only to dogs, seismographs—and teen-agers. Not that the kids understand it all; sometimes, when Mr. Hip Lip, as he is also called, starts "makin' with the shakin'" on Detroit's WCHB, the station runs a write-in contest called "What Did Robbie Say?" Nobody really knows, least of all Robbie. The important thing is that Rockin' Robbie and dozens more like him have given radio an advanced case of the screaming meemies.

Molting Broom. While rock jockeys have never been noted for their dulcet tones, they have lately revved up their banshee banter in an effort to match the increasing amplification of the big beat. The Evinrude delivery stems partly from the fact that "total shout" radio sells so well these days that the decibelters have to talk faster to squeeze in all the commercials. Sponsors know that, as the jocks put it, to get the green from the teens' jeans you have to be beamed to the scream. Since not even Madison Avenue can conjure up their sales pitch, many rock jockeys operate consulting firms for advertisers on the side. Recently, for instance, Boston's Juicy Brucie gave a classic lesson in the teen pitch over WBZ's "50,000 watts of flower power." "I want to talk, friends," he cried, "about those blemishes, which are pimples! Yes, pimples. If you can't get rid of them, at least have them spell 'love' on your forehead." Says Cousin Brucie (no kin to Juicy), top screamer on WABC in Manhattan: "If they ever find the perfect pimple cream, I'll be out of a job."

Though Robbie D, a skinny, goateed chap who looks vaguely like a molting broom, is only 20, most of the rock jockeys are pushing 30. Their natural habitat is the "jock booth," where, surrounded by stacks of 45-r.p.m. records, they suck on lemons, spray their throats, turn the treble up and the bass down, and wail. During an average three-hour program, they cram in six five-minute newscasts, twelve station breaks, 35 records and 54 commercials.

Pow-pow-dow, Umph! And there is no escaping them: they rock around the tick-tock. At 6 a.m. each weekday, several thousand Baltimoreans begin their day with a chorus of aspersing chimes and 300-lb. Fat Daddy shouting: "Hear me now! Let me sock it to ya, Momma! From the depths of a fat man's soul, a golden oldie from outta the past with a star-studded cast! A WWIN radio blast! Shep and the Heartbeats! Eeetiddlydee! Come on!"

In Los Angeles, the afternoon com-



FAT DADDY



THE REAL DON STEELE



ROCKIN' ROBBIE D

Banshee banter to match the beat.

mutter hours are dominated by KHJ's "drive-time man," the Real Don Steele. "My voice," he boasts, "can cut through the traffic noise." Sample: "A world premiere right here on the Real Don Steele show—boss hit-bound the Lovin' Spoonful's *She Is Still a Mystery* at 3:43 KHJ, break-the-bank time on the Real Don Steele show pow-pow-pow-pow-dow, umph!" Though incoherent to untutored ears, the spiel mentions all the essentials: name of the show, title of song, performer, time, station identification and promotion—all in ten seconds. Marvels one executive: "He really makes clichés come alive!"

Stripped Emperor. Typical of the breed, Steele worked at ten stations before landing at KHJ for \$50,000 a year. If, as often happens, the kids stop digging the din, the rock jockeys simply move on to another town. Ed Phillips, for example, wowed them in Birmingham under the alias of Mel Kent, then moved to San Diego and on to Los Angeles as Johnny Mitchell, then to San Francisco as Brother Sebastian Stone. Last week he packed up and headed for Manhattan, where he will remain Sebastian Stone on WOR-FM for \$80,000 a year.

No place, in fact, is safe from the rock jockeys any more. Now that the BBC has gone mod with a new pop station called Radio One, Britain is jumping to U.S.-style disk jockeys. The most popular is lion-maned Emperor Rosko, 24, who is better known in Hollywood as Producer Joe Pasternak's son Michael. Rosko sports a marmalade-colored fur coat and travels in a Rolls-Royce with his bodyguard, tapes his show and sends it to Radio One from Paris, where, speaking passably good French, he is also the country's No. 1 disk jockey. The Emperor, who likes to strip to the waist before he assaults the microphone, is teaching the scream scene to other disk jockeys in France. As for the rest of Europe, well, all the Emperor says is that he isn't mastering Spanish, Italian, German and Russian for nothing.

SPECIALS

Tragi-Triptych

Television specials scheduled for this season bank heavily on entertainment, but not all entertainment is—well, entertainment. In the past week, for example, the networks have shown three specials that dealt with the plight of old people, the plight of a rape victim, and the plight of a family with a mongolian child.

CBS, in *Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night*, had Melvyn Douglas shunted off to a nursing home by his grown children. ABC, in *Johnny Belinda*, showed Mia Farrow, in a waist-length wig, playing a deaf-mute who is raped and framed for murder; and an updated version of its 1966 documentary, *The Long Childhood of Timmy*.

The tragi-triptych fortunately leaned on a combination of honest grappling and pure stagecraft, give or take a few lapses. Douglas was by turns crusty and touching as the rebellious old man who refuses to settle down as a withering weed. When a thoroughly resigned oldster (Shirley Booth) gurgles, "You've given me so much," Douglas rasps back, "Anger, I hope." All the same, many aged Americans could well envy Douglas' solution: he merely packs up and goes back to his own house.

Mia Farrow's *Belinda* suffered mainly from plot problems. With admirable poise and much mercurial hand acting, she found her redemption in sign language and education, and in love for her illegitimate child. Trouble was that all the uneven edges of the story—two murders and a court trial—had to be wrapped up in the last 30 minutes.

Perhaps the hardest look at an unpleasant dilemma came in the *Timmy* documentary. The family was shown cradling, criticizing and coddling the ten-year-old child, triumphing every labored step of the way over tragedy. It is a true story, told without sentimentality—and all the more dramatic for that. Real life always does have a way of coming through in documentaries.

The "World of Tomorrow" Caught up with Us Today

Air transportation is feeling "the penalty of success."

It's as simple as that. As complicated as that. As frustrating as that. As challenging as that.

All over the world—and especially in the U. S.—airline traffic has grown faster than our most optimistic predictions.

All the planners in air transportation thought big. But not big enough. Everybody planned ahead. But public acceptance "outplanned" us.

The air-ground system has now become everybody's concern, because everybody is affected by this profound revolution in our traveling habits.

One reason air transportation has grown so big so fast has been the healthy competition in the field.

The time for competition will never end; but now it must be supplemented by a time for cooperation.

For tomorrow has caught up with us . . . almost

passed us . . . and the problems have become too vast, too complex, too vital, to be solved by anything but the mightiest teamwork.

Nearly everyone who flies knows some of these problems: delayed landings, outmoded facilities, too-small airports, inadequate ground transport and parking, tardy baggage, and all the familiar perplexities that make passengers mad and airlines sad.

This is what we mean by "the penalty of success." If technology had been less swift, public acceptance less overwhelming, there would have been time to iron out these kinks.

But time is what we have so little of. Public acceptance makes every partner in this enterprise renew the resolve to continue to give the nation the kind of air transportation system it deserves, wants, and must have.

There are some problems which can be remedied



*"Make no little plans;
they have no magic
to stir men's blood..."*

in the near future... others will take longer. In both areas, the effort must come from everyone.

United is participating fully in a massive effort by the whole industry—an industry that has met and mastered many temporary frustrations in its brief and breathtaking history.

As a matter of record, United has been busy for two years preparing Master Plan Reports which examine future needs and suggest some solutions in the areas of air space utilization, airfield capabilities, airport access, and terminal facilities for both passengers and cargo. We have an expert staff developing these reports, which are furnished to airport planners everywhere, suggesting from our experience what may be needed.

"Make no little plans," said Daniel Burnham, when he devised Chicago's magnificent lake front.

This is a slogan well worth adopting for this new age of flight. Little plans will not solve big problems... and patchwork is no substitute for teamwork.

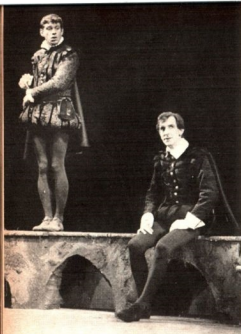
Our faith in the future is unbounded. United accepts its role among those who know how much of the future belongs to the air... and who recognize that the future arrived this morning.

United Air Lines

G. H. Keck

PRESIDENT

THE THEATER



MURRAY & WOOD IN "R. & G."
Hamlet in an echo chamber.

ON BROADWAY

Skull Beneath the Skin

Some plays open windows; others open worlds. The excitement attending Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* is that it is one of those rare plays able to open worlds of art, life and death. The sun of this drama is coruscating wit and laughter; its shade is melancholy death. Broadway may not see a more auspicious playwrighting debut this season.

Stoppard has chosen to use *Hamlet* as a metaphor for existence. Through his fable he marches good Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern blindfolded. They know little of their roles and less of themselves. In fear and trembling, they jolly their way to their doom. Every man does the same, Stoppard implies, for no man can divine the purpose of existence except to know that life is uncertain and death is sure.

The play begins with the flip of a coin—an act that finds its echo later when the Player King says, "Life is a gamble, at terrible odds—if it was a bet, you wouldn't take it." Just as the play is a kind of jangled echo chamber of *Hamlet*, so each word, event, mood and character develops an echo. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are echoes of each other, since they perpetually confuse each other's names. They have been summoned to Elsinore by Claudius, or by fate, and they seem to be dawning apprehensively on the way.

They kill the time with intellectual vaudeville—puns, word games, syllogistic one-upmanship. As they do so, it becomes apparent that Stoppard owes fully as much to Samuel Beckett as he does to Shakespeare. R. and G. are transparent replicas of the two tramps who wait for Godot. But where Beck-

ett's dialogue almost expires in pauses of resignation, Stoppard's lines pant with inner panic. Delivered with comic ardor at machine-gun speed, R. and G.'s interchanges combine mental verve with spiritual desolation. It is as if the quiz kids of Wittenberg U. found themselves desperate at flunking in life.

R.: What's the matter with you today?

G.: When?

R.: What?

G.: Are you deaf?

R.: Am I dead?

G.: Yes or no?

R.: Is there a choice?

G.: Is there a God?

R.: Foul! No *non sequiturs*, three-two, one game all.

The game at Elsinore is more ominous. Seen through *Hamlet*'s eyes, which is the angle of vision Shakespeare has imposed on *Hamlet*, the play has a purpose. But seen through the eyes of R. and G., Elsinore is a maze of cross-purposes and *Hamlet* is a Mad Hatter. They smell the death and disaster around them and wistfully hope to escape, but where to? The court of Denmark has given them the only identities they have ever had—roles.

Death is the theme of the play, and it could be said of Stoppard as Eliot said of another dramatist:

Webster was much possessed by death

And saw the skull beneath the skin. R. and G. feel that their existence is a cheat: "To be told so little to such an end—and still—finally—to be denied an explanation." Here and elsewhere, Stoppard comes perilously close to singing the self-pity blues, or life-is-a-dirty-trick. All men and women submit to fate, but they are not all Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns.

Tom Stoppard, 30, rather thinks they are: "Almost everybody thinks of himself as nobody. A cipher, not even a

cog. In that sense, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are everybody. I feel that I am like that." A sense of dislocation and exile comes naturally to him. The son of a Czech doctor, Tom Stoppard was born Tom Straussler. The family moved to Singapore when he was two and his father was killed in World War II. Tom went to school and lived in Darjeeling, Calcutta, Delhi and Lahore before coming to England at the age of nine and taking his stepfather's name. His first full-length play was aired over British television three days after President Kennedy's assassination. "It wasn't," he says, "the greatest week to have a comedy on."

Stoppard hugely enjoys honing language to the precision point. Nonetheless, a play that rides on words as heavily as does *R. and G.* ought to have rid itself of some. Even the tensile strength of Derek Goldby's direction cannot keep segments of the drama from dialogyness. There is nothing logy about Brian Murray and John Wood in the taxing title roles. Every shifting breeze of the play's moods crosses their faces: they can summon up anxiety, false courage, utter bafflement, and honest fear with a flick of the lip, or a twist of the torso. They give the play's mind a body, and make *R. and G.* an evening for the playgoer who seeks not to forget but to know himself.

Consolation Prizes

An appetizing hors d'oeuvre of an actress can sometimes keep playgoers nibbling on toothpick drama. Broadway's latest dramatic toothpicks, *Daphne in Cottage D* and *There's a Girl in My Soup*, are inane, inept, tacky, trivial, and implausible, but Sandy Dennis and Barbara Ferris may yet prove potent teasers of the public palate.

Daphne is a brief encounter between



DENNIS IN "DAPHNE"
Laughs from tears.



FERRIS IN "SOUP"
Polish with spit.

It's amazing how accurate a watch can be, once you get rid of that infernal ticking.

The things that make a watch tick are the things that make a watch run wrong.

Like its balance wheel. And mainspring and hair-spring.

So we've left those things out of the Accutron® time-piece.

We've replaced the whole works (including the tick) with a tiny tuning fork that hums.

The tuning fork splits a second into more parts than

the balance wheel movement ever dreamed of.

360 parts, to be exact. (The best a ticking watch can do is 5 or 10.)

Accutron Calendar "AD": 18k gold; shock-protected; water-proof when case, crown, crystal remain intact; date can reset without changing time setting. \$250. Other styles from \$125.



It's the tuning fork's uncanny precision that makes Accutron the most accurate timepiece you can wear.

We're able to guarantee Accutron accuracy to within one minute a month.*

That's 2 seconds a day.

And many owners say they're off only 1 second—or none at all.

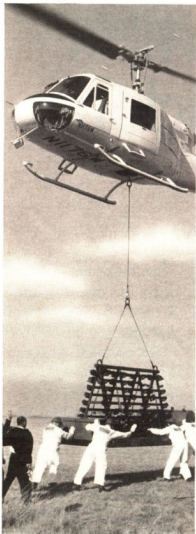
With accuracy like that, a watch has no business ticking when it could be humming. **ACCUTRON® by BULOVA**



It goes hm-m-m-m.

*An authorized Accutron jeweler will adjust it in keeping to this tolerance, if necessary. Guarantee is for one year. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

Did you know Textron is also Bell Helicopter?



And Bell's 204B helicopter is helping to start industries in formerly inaccessible places around the world. At the same time, the "Huey" military version is helping to save thousands of American lives in Viet Nam.

two neurotically maimed misfits. In Act I, they kiss; in Act II, they tell. As the desolate widow of a movie star, Sandy is committing slow alcoholic suicide, shot by shot, and is barred from her young son as an unfit mother. The man (William Daniels) has an even more guilt-ridden tale. In the driveway to his home, he ran over his own child on the boy's fifth birthday, and has been fleeing from the memory ever since.

The consolation prize, if any, for this maudlin bundle of bathos is Sandy Dennis. She draws laughs from tears. An accident-prone waif who bruises an eye, bangs a toe and burns a finger, she runs to the audience to be comforted. She flutters and stutters, and sentences spill out of her mouth like rag dolls losing their stuffing. By now, though, this little-girl-lost act is beginning to cloy, and Sandy Dennis is in danger of losing her acting momentum in mannerisms.

Soup is about a bachelor gourmet editor (Gig Young) on the rueful side of 40, who thinks that variety is the spice of sex life until he meets *The Girl*. Barbara Ferris is a fetching house urchin who wears her microskirt so short that the evening seems like a continual panty raid. Her undies scan better than the dialogue, which unravels along such lines as, *She*: "You only want me for one thing." *He*: "Yes, but what a lovely thing." If the polish is in Ferris' frame, the spit is in her delivery. She has a snort like a tugboat, she can carve an inflection into a tombstone, and she blows bubbles of mirth that might have lured Ulysses off his course. She keeps theatergoers from remembering that the play's the nothing.

REPERTORY

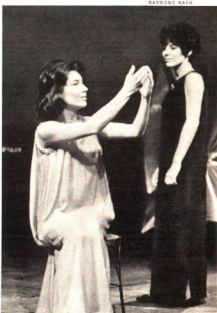
Pictures in the Air

The dramatic program—ranging from Kabuki plays to slapstick to poetry reading—is broad enough to challenge the resources of any normal theatrical troupe. Yet none of the principal actors of the National Theater of the Deaf utters a word, and only one of them can hear. No matter: the pacing and performance are unmistakably professional, and the critical notices are in the rave category. Currently on a six-week tour of 18 Northeastern cities, the company opened at Manhattan's Hunter College Playhouse last week to tumultuous applause.

The theatrical language of the National Theater is the familiar signing of the deaf, abetted by skilled pantomime. To help audiences follow the action, two members of the company with normal hearing speak the lines—sometimes from the sidelines, sometimes onstage—synchronizing their words with the actors' gestures.

Visual Haiku. Signing can be awkward and slow-paced in plays that depend heavily on dialogue, such as Saroyan's *The Man with the Heart in the Highlands*, which leads off the current

show. But the medium is perfectly suited to such stylized theatrical forms as the Kabuki play *The Tale of Katsune*, which the group performs with the flow and precision of fine ballet. The company's most striking performances are its "recitations" of poetry. Through such simple gestures as twisting her fingers over her heart to show grief, stunning Audree Norton manages to evoke all the romantic passion contained in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *How Do I Love Thee?* In a short Chinese poem, Bernard Bragg, who studied under Marcel Marceau, creates visual haiku with the line "a wave carries the moon away and the tidal water comes with its freight of stars," by forming a crescent with his upraised hand, then slowly lowering it over an undulating outstretched



NORTON (LEFT) "RECITING" POEM
A word in the hand.

palm. The signing of Joe Velez makes more hilarious sense out of Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* than the words ever do when spoken.

Living Proof. Now six months old, the Theater of the Deaf was founded by David Hays of the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation, Psychologist Edna Levine and Administrator Mary Switzer of the Rehabilitation Services Administration, backed by a \$331,000 grant from the Federal Government. Although only one of the 14 actors has had any conventional theatrical experience, the company has had directorial help from such top Broadway professionals as Arthur Penn and Joe Layton. Justifiably proud of their mimetic skills, the actors are living proof, on stage at least, that a word in the hand may sometimes be worth two in the mouth. Says Managing Director Hays: "They paint pictures in the air, and it is language."

Auto Insurance: Is It a Product or Your Birthright?

A Statement of Policy—and a Call to Action—by Insurance Company of North America

For the past several years it has become clear that the present automobile insurance system in America is not working to the satisfaction of anyone; neither the consumer, the insurance companies, nor the state and federal governments.

The consumer complains of frequent rate hikes, sudden, sometimes inexplicable cancellations, and interminable delays in settling his claims.

Most companies, faced with increased claims costs on the one hand, and still inadequate rates on the other, are caught in an intolerable two-way squeeze. In the ten-year period from 1956 to 1965, for example, insurance company losses from automobile bodily injury insurance alone came to almost \$1.25 billion more than they had earned in premiums.

Surveying this dilemma, state and federal governments face a flood of proposals that range from the sound and reasonable to those that are wholly impractical and even dangerous to your own interests.

Where did auto insurance go wrong?

It didn't. It still offers complete protection against a motorist's legal liability under the law. It operates today under the same classic principles of insurance that work—and work well—for your Homeowners policy, your disability insurance, and many other standard and well-accepted forms of liability coverage.

What happened was that the law and auto insurance stood still, while the auto itself and its place in American life changed radically. And so has the concept of modern social justice, with its increased emphasis on financial security for all.

The problem then is that the classic principles of the law as applied to the operation of automobiles, in general, and of liability insurance, in particular, no longer offer a satisfactory solution to a growing social problem.

What is needed is an entirely new approach to the problem presented by the victims of auto accidents—an approach that would harmonize with the thinking and the needs of our modern automobile-oriented society.

Is auto insurance your birthright?

For the vast majority of Americans, INA—Insurance Company of North America—firmly believes the answer is yes. It is more than your birthright; it is your duty. It is your responsibility to your own family and every other family in America.

Does that mean INA supports a public requirement of auto insurance for all licensed drivers? Again, yes. Though many insurance companies in the past have opposed the principle for valid reasons which appeared to outweigh any possible good that would result, INA believes that requiring all licensed drivers to be financially responsible for the damage they may do to others is a reasonable and sound objective, and one that the insurance industry should unanimously support.

To be perfectly realistic, however, it is clear that for the insurance industry to support such a law to accomplish this, state governments would have to take measures to improve and vigorously enforce licensing, traffic laws, vehicle and highway safety. Last year, for example, 53,000 Americans were killed on the highways and 1,800,000 were injured in 10,000,000 different accidents. Is auto insurance *everyone's* birthright? Only if state licensing and enforcement agencies can sharply reduce the epidemic-like proportions in which drivers are killing and injuring themselves and others on the nation's highways.

INA believes all licensed drivers must be financially responsible, but we do not believe the insurance industry or, for that matter, the nation itself, can indefinitely afford the financial and human losses that careless drivers cost us all every year.

Is there a better way of dealing with auto liability claims?

At INA we believe there is. Under the present system an insurance company assumes your liability for damages you caused as the result of a negligent or careless action, thus relieving you of the financial consequences of such action. But today the circumstances involved in most auto accidents usually

make it difficult if not impossible to determine who was negligent. Hence the present system is hopelessly outmoded; it delays justice, frustrates the claimant, and costs insurance companies far more than they earn in premiums.

In its place INA strongly recommends that a plan for compensating all innocent victims be adopted—perhaps along the lines of the one advocated by Professors Keeton and O'Connell. Under such a plan, victims of automobile accidents would be compensated for medical and out-of-pocket expenses, such as lost wages, up to, say, \$10,000 regardless of liability. If injuries are permanent and serious and the resulting damages greater than \$10,000, the matter could be taken to court for determination of liability in excess of \$10,000, or some other reasonable amount.

But for the vast number of claims, a fair settlement would be made out of court and in just a matter of days, relieving the paralyzing backlog in the courts, and in the long run even lowering your auto insurance costs.

As strong supporters of the free enterprise system since our founding in 1792, Insurance Company of North America is deeply concerned with the need to satisfy the public interest by finding an insurance solution to these problems. That interest now calls for changes, even radical changes, in the law and in the present American system of automobile insurance. INA, with 175 years of insurance leadership, stands ready to work with the insurance industry and government officials to accomplish that change.

That is why INA is publishing this statement throughout the country. Copies will be sent to Governors, Insurance Commissioners, Federal and State Legislators, and other interested persons. It is time to act.



Bradford Smith, Jr., Chairman



Insurance Company of North America
Parkway at 16th, Philadelphia

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW

Allan Roberts knows successful investing and knowledge go hand in hand

The more you know about securities the better your chances of investment success. We believe this. Allan Roberts, Partner-in-Charge of one of our two Cleveland offices, has almost made it a crusade.

His objective—help beginners and experienced investors achieve better results by informing them about securities markets. In the process, gain a more accurate understanding of their personal needs and objectives.

Talking to groups all over northern Ohio, Allan Roberts and his stockbrokers are helping take the mystery out of the stock market for thousands. Allan Roberts doesn't just talk at you. His lectures are timely—stimulating—easy to understand. With professionally prepared exhibits he makes the world of investments come alive. Many of his ideas are used in our national investor education program.

Investing is a subject of growing interest to all forward thinking Americans. All our 58 offices nationwide are staffed with stockbrokers who consider it a privilege to address interested groups. To obtain a speaker for your group simply contact our nearest office.

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Allan H. Roberts is a life-long resident of Cleveland. After service in the Navy in World War II, he graduated from Brown University and entered the securities business as a trainee in 1952. He joined our firm as a stockbroker in 1959 and rose to become co-manager and then manager of our Sheraton-Cleveland office. He became a partner in 1964 and is currently in charge of our Euclid Avenue office in Cleveland. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Investment Bankers Association, Northern Ohio Group; Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange Investors Information Committee of Northern Ohio; a member of the Bond Club of Cleveland, the Cleveland Society of Security Analysts and is active in the United Appeal.

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BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

Backward March

Five months ago, after the U.S. and 52 other nations concluded the Kennedy Round and agreed on wide-ranging tariff cuts, the pact was hailed as a historic step forward in world trade. Yet last week the U.S. verged on a backward march. Pending in the Senate were seven bills—the central one pompously called “the Orderly Trade Act of 1967”—that would establish stricter quotas on imports ranging from steel to strawberries, from textiles to goat meat. If enacted, the bills would set limits on \$12 billion worth, or 50%, of total U.S. imports. Liberalized-trade advocates compared the Orderly Trade Act proposal to the restrictive Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in a rebuttal that skillfully invoked diplomacy and the dollar sign, pleaded with the Senate not to “retreat into protectionism.”

Vortex of Battle. The Senate is the vortex of the trade battle because it must ratify agreements on grains and chemicals before the Kennedy Round tariff cuts can be implemented. Aware of this, a high-tariff bloc, concerned over competition from rising imports, got congressional attention first with measures designed to bypass the Round's tariff cuts, averaging 35%, with a system of stricter quotas on goods allowed into the U.S.

Meeting with Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen at his Virginia home, six steel executives—whose companies had just increased domestic steel prices—persuaded the minority leader to back a bill that would slash imports of 125 kinds of foreign steel products by as much as 40%. South Carolina's

Democratic Senator Ernest Hollings meanwhile got 68 Senate cosponsors for a bill that would reduce imports of textiles from 2.7 billion sq. yds. a year to 1.7 billion sq. yds. In all, the seven bills would lower imports on a range of products including beef, mutton, veal, mink skins, zinc, footwear, oil, watches and dairy products. Even liberal Senators, under badgering from home, seemed sympathetic. Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire sided with the dairy interests. Both Kennedys agreed to sponsor quota measures opposed to the spirit of the Kennedy Round, which was named after their older brother. Bobby backed Hollings' textile bill, while Teddy cosponsored a proposal by fellow Massachusettsan Edward Brooke to protect New England electronics firms.

Legislative Play. Lobbyists, signing up in record numbers to support the bills, pushed a legislative ploy to accomplish it. The quota legislation ended up in Louisiana Democrat Russell Long's Senate Finance Committee as riders on a bill raising social security benefits 12.5%. The reasoning was that President Johnson would be loath to veto the social security provisions. Jubilantly, Oscar R. Strackbein, who as chairman of the Nationwide Committee for Import-Export Policy is the chief lobbyist for high tariffs and has been around Washington longer than many a legislator, predicted that this time trade restrictions would be adopted.

That was before last week, however, when Long and the Senate began to get flak from the anti-protectionist side. Angry protests poured in from Britain, Australia, Canada, Japan, Denmark, Finland, Sweden, Norway and 14 Latin American nations. The six Common



LOBBYIST STRACKBEIN
Meal for the badgers.

Market members sent six separate notes of protest. The complainers intimated that if the U.S. insisted on being protectionist, they would refuse to ratify the Kennedy Round agreement. Moreover, under present GATT regulations, they are free to put quotas of their own on imports from the U.S.

Smaller Markets. The size of those U.S. exports and the effect of a cutoff made up the ammunition hurled at the Senate last week by a platoon of Cabinet members sent up the Hill by President Johnson. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman pointed out that one acre of every four of U.S. farmland grows food for export, and exports provide work for one out of every eight U.S. farmers. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall argued that oil import quotas should be less rigid in order to give the Government flexibility in maintaining the national security. Rusk cited some U.S. annual exports—\$369 million worth of computers, \$188 million worth of farm tractors (or 20% of total output), \$371 million worth of fruits and vegetables. “Which of these sectors,” asked he, “do you think is prepared to have a smaller market in exchange for insulating other sectors of our economy from import competition?”

Despite such pleas, some sort of import quota restrictions seem likely to go through the Congress. And if that happens, the result can only cause incalculable damage to the cause of world trade, upon which the U.S. itself increasingly depends.

AUTOS

Settlement at Ford

By Detroit bargaining-table tradition, negotiators start talking in private only after they are ready to clam up in public. So it was not until two weeks ago, soon after United Auto Workers Boss Walter Reuther got in his last loud licks at a Detroit rally called to beef up the U.A.W.'s Ford strike fund, that



FREEMAN, RUSK & UDALL BEFORE SENATE COMMITTEE
Countering with diplomacy and dollar signs.

the two sides declared a blackout on negotiation news. Last week the red-headed union leader emerged from the blackout with a settlement that, he declared, was the "largest ever negotiated by the U.A.W. with any major corporation."

The mood was tense as settlement neared. Early in the week, Ford Chairman Henry Ford II told newsmen that the strike could be over in a minute—if the company would knuckle under to the union's original demands, which by his facetious estimate would cost \$4 an hour in increased wages and benefits. Reuther thereupon blew his top at the breach of the blackout, causing Ford to issue a soothing retraction saying his remark "was not meant to be taken seriously." Then signs of an imminent settlement began to grow. Ford ordered its steel suppliers to resume deliveries,

J. EDWARD BAILEY



U.A.W.'S REUTHER

Pennies were not peanuts.

began taping ads saying that "1968 models will soon be plentiful."

Roadblocks. Settlement seemed assured as Thursday's bargaining session wore on for 31 hours, breaking off only after two of the management negotiators had collapsed from exhaustion. Then, roadblocks began to appear as Reuther entered the final meeting with a fistful of complaints. By the time they were straightened out—after more than 14 hours of talks—Ford Negotiator Malcolm Denise could only describe the negotiations as "the most difficult in 26 years."

Ford did manage to wring some relief in the haggling over the last major contract hang-up, which concerned the U.A.W.'s cherished cost-of-living escalator clause. While the old contract provided for unlimited automatic wage adjustments geared to the consumer price index, this time Ford got annual ceilings of 8¢ and 7¢ in the second and third years of the contract, agreeing to a minimum annual increase of 3¢ in re-

turn. The pennies were not peanuts; 1¢ an hour on Ford's 160,000-man payroll means \$3,200,000 a year.

More All Around. Under the final terms—which still must be ratified by the rank and file—the average \$4.81 an hour in wages and benefits Ford workers now get will rise by about \$1 during the next three years, starting off with an immediate wage jump of 20¢ an hour. At around 7% overall, the new package seemed sure to outrun the 5% increase—6.6% including subsequent cost-of-living adjustments—that the U.A.W. won in 1964.

There was more in almost every contract category. Holidays were increased from nine to eleven, pensions were raised. The 20,000 skilled workers, who have long beefed about having to accept the same increases as the unskilled men, got an extra 30¢ an hour on top of the general first-year increase. And Reuther boasted of an "historic" victory with a new guaranteed annual income provision—though it was hardly the executive-style salary plan that he had been seeking. It amounts to little more than a substantial sweetening of current unemployment benefits, under which idled workers get 62% of their wages. The new plan provides as much as 95%, after a weekly deduction of \$7.50 that nonworking workers do not have to spend for lunch and bus fare.

Still, while Reuther fought for more fat in the settlement—which will serve as model for his next target, either General Motors or Chrysler—his workers' fortunes have worn thin. The seven-week strike, which has prevented production of 400,000 Ford cars and trucks, has cost employees an average \$1,000 per man in wages.

MONEY

Nervous Scramble

Apprehensively, New York City Controller Mario Procaccino last week opened the little tin box in which he receives bids on municipal-bond issues and managed to look relieved. Inside lay a bid (which he promptly accepted) for a \$119.1 million bundle of tax-exempt bonds with an average 7½-year maturity at an annual interest cost of 4.91%, the highest paid by the city since mid-Depression 1932. It was uncomfortably close to the 5% ceiling beyond which the financially pressed city may not legally borrow at all and would bring the total interest cost of the issue to \$43,194,648. Yet the rate, as Procaccino noted, "only reflects what is going on all over the country."

Climbing almost without interruption since July, interest rates on municipal and corporate bonds have pushed back up to—and in many cases above—the levels reached during the 1966 tight-money squeeze. Last week the rate paid on high-grade corporate bonds advanced to 6.44%, up from 6.10% the week before, and 5.73% a year earlier. Even so, investors have spurned several recent issues, in the expectation that fu-

ture offerings will carry still juicier rates. Last week a \$40 million issue of Carolina Power & Light Co. bonds went 80% unsold by underwriters on the day it came out, despite a 6.375% interest yield, highest for comparably rated securities since the 1870s.

Drag on Stocks. The high cost of money has also begun to drag down the recently ebullient stock market. The impact falls heavily on utility and blue-chip industrial shares because many investors buy them for dividend income and tend to move into bonds when the gap between bond and stock yields widens to an enticing point. Commercial banks are the chief buyers of federal and municipal bonds, but corporate issues attract trust and pension funds, life insurance companies and, when yields are high, individuals. So vast is the U.S. bond market—by far the world's largest—that last year it soaked up 20 times as much new capital as stock issues. So far in 1967, the ratio has been equally high—and total demand higher still. Many analysts insist that something has to give, if only because there is too little investment money around to support both today's level of stock prices and corporations' growing appetite for loans.

Scrambling nervously to replenish their coffers after last year's credit crunch, U.S. corporations floated \$11.8 billion of bonds and other debt securities during the first nine months of this year, 50% more than during the comparable period of 1966. The dash for cash shows no sign of slowing. After waiting most of the summer in hope that rates would fall, bellwether Standard Oil (New Jersey) this week plans to sell \$250 million of debentures—a move that bond men predict will only spur other companies to accelerate their own borrowing. For the first nine months of the year, state and local borrowing has jumped from \$8.5 billion in 1966 to \$10.8 billion this year, even though high rates have caused some municipalities to withdraw proposed issues.

Last week the pressures in the U.S. money market led the Bank of England to raise its interest rate from 5½% to 6%, hoping thus to stem a flow of funds toward the U.S. Though the British move steadied the sagging pound, it means that businessmen will have to pay more for loans to finance new plants and that consumers will pay more for installment purchases. Both consequences will tend to slow Britain's recovery from recession. Continental bankers predicted that the British action will lift the cost of short-term borrowing, but voiced guarded confidence that other European central banks will be able to resist retaliating with increases in their own much lower rates (3% in Switzerland and West Germany, 3½% in Italy and France, 4½% in The Netherlands).

Cut & Increase. "The financial community," says Executive Vice President Ralph F. Leach of Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., "needs a strong

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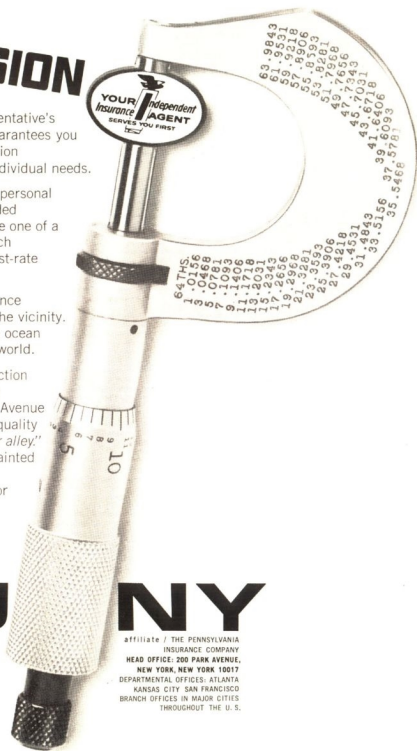
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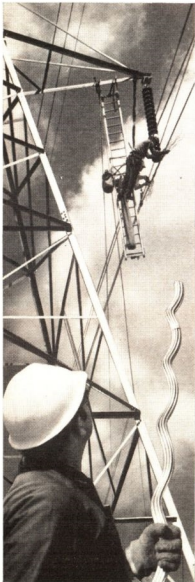
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signal to break the inflationary psychology which dominates its thinking. Seeds of disaster have been sown." Like many other bankers and economists, Leach insists that both federal spending cuts and a tax increase have become "absolutely imperative" to avoid financial chaos. Ordinarily, the Federal Reserve Board would clamp down on credit. But the Treasury's need to finance at least another \$5 billion of federal deficit by year's end—and much more in 1968—locks the Reserve Board in the meantime into a policy of monetary ease. So far this year, the board has stuffed banks with enough money to cause a 7% expansion in U.S. money supply and a somewhat more inflationary 11% increase in bank credit. "We don't have the maneuvering room we had last year," admits one Reserve Board governor. While the stalemate drags on between the White House and Congress over taxing and spending, the problem can only grow more acute.

Trimming the Finnmark

For the seventh time since World War II, Finland has devalued its currency, this time by nearly one-third. In the future, it will require 4.2 Finnmarks, instead of 3.2, to equal a U.S. dollar. The move was received with resignation. Jested Kari Suomalainen, a leading cartoonist: "First we had the minicar, then we had the miniskirt, and now we have the minimark."

Devaluation was the inevitable answer to chronic economic ills. Last year Finland's gross national product was \$8.6 billion, showing a mere 2.2% increase over the previous year, and well down from the average 5% growth rate during 1960-65. More than a fifth of the national income comes from exports, mostly to Western Europe. Slackening economies, particularly in Great Britain and West Germany, have cut Finland's export earnings. Meanwhile

despite restrictive government policies and tight credit, imports remain high and the trade gap is running at \$220 million for the second consecutive year.

Unemployment has gone up (2.5% of the work force), production has fallen, and investment is at a virtual standstill. Forest products—including paper and pulp—which employ over 20% of the work force and account for two-thirds of Finnish exports, are badly squeezed. Timber owners, mostly small farmers, are holding out for higher prices. Some mills closed down this year, others are working at insignificant margins or at a loss. "Against this background it would have been difficult if not downright impossible to tighten credit policy further," said Bank of Finland Governor Klaus Waris.

EARNINGS

Special Circumstances

What kind of third-quarter profits could a company expect if it sold Pils Beer in Newark and Schmidt Beer in Detroit during the riot-racked period from July to September? The answer came last week, when the Associated Brewing Co. of Detroit, which was in exactly that unfortunate sales position, announced that it will have to report "a very substantial decrease" in third-quarter earnings v. last year's profit of \$539,143. Associated's explanation: special circumstances.

Third-quarter reports include many such circumstances. Total corporate profits for the quarter will reach about \$80.5 billion before taxes on an annual basis, or slightly better than second-quarter earnings of \$78.9 billion but far less than the record \$84 billion in third-quarter 1966. The results are a mix of good and bad and circumstantial sales and earnings. Instances:

► B. F. Goodrich Co. reported that sales for the quarter dropped 6% to \$243,372,000 and earnings increased a bare 2.9% to \$11,642,000, even including the gain from sale of some British holdings. Goodrich's trouble was an 86-day strike that hit major rubber companies earlier this year. The strike held up deliveries to customers and resulted in wage increases that have so far not been compensated for by the price increases that Goodrich and other companies in the industry instituted after the strike was settled.

► General Electric President Fred J. Borch, reporting an 18% drop in third-quarter earnings to \$80,689,000, blamed part of the decline on higher wages, part on a general softening in the demand for the kind of consumer appliances in which General Electric dominates its markets.

► Most chemical companies reported a disappointing quarter. Du Pont, with a 1% decrease in sales to \$763 million and an 18% decline in earnings to \$74,330,000, blamed the downturn primarily on "sluggishness in the civilian sector of the economy." Union Carbide, an-

anticipating lower sales and earnings also, attributed the drop to a major expansion program now under way.

► Airline earnings were up or down depending on whether airlines had been hit by last year's third-quarter machinists' strike. TWA and National, both of which had been grounded by the strike, reported higher revenues this year because quarterly passenger loadings were back to normal. American Airlines, which was not affected by the strike, reported a profit drop from \$25,035,000 to \$22,280,000 because passenger business was not abnormally high, as it was during last year's third quarter.

► Cigarette companies had special circumstances going for them that were as pretty as bright-leaf tobacco: their cigarette business is holding up despite recurring cancer scares, and they are making money on diversification projects. R. J. Reynolds reported record sales of \$495 million and record earnings of \$43,139,000 from Chinese foods, fruit punch, and aluminum foil as well as tobacco products. P. Lorillard's diversified operation accounted for record quarterly sales of \$147 million and earnings of \$8,290,000.

► Banks, because of currently high interest rates and steady demand for loans, were for the most part unusually good third-quarter performers. Bank of America, the nation's largest financial institution, reported a 10.4% increase in earnings to \$33,442,000 as both deposits and loans went up. Second biggest Chase Manhattan had a 9% increase in earnings to \$26,478,000.

► Computer makers and office-equipment companies, feeding on a resurgence in business activity after the "mini-recession" of the first quarter, generally did well. IBM, which has been setting balance-sheet records for 14 consecutive years, set another one: sales of \$1.36 billion and earnings of \$169,400,000 each represented another quarterly high. Xerox also set records with revenues of \$172 million and income of \$21,966,000.

Whatever gloom the quarter brought is balanced by a prospective rise in the economy for the fourth quarter and an even faster lift next year. Sears Roebuck, the nation's biggest merchandiser, said that depending on the auto-strike settlement, the quarter could be its best in history. At a meeting of the Business Council at Hot Springs, Va., Federated Department Stores Chairman Ralph Lazarus forecast 1968 corporate profits back up to the levels of 1966 and a 4% rise in the G.N.P. The Commercial Credit Co., introducing a new kind of quarterly forecast of consumer spending, foresaw a 4% rise in sales of household durables and a 10% increase during the next six months in new-car purchases. And Chrysler Corp. said that the new-car sales potential may have been underestimated by the industry, could match 1965's 9,300,000 units rather than the 8,800,000 that Detroit expected only two months ago.



STACEY

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MERGERS

Britain's Cult of Bigness

While most U.S. corporations are continually on the prowl for ripe acquisition possibilities, merger fever is just beginning to infect Britain, which still abounds with inefficient, low-profit companies that duplicate products and services. Ironically, the Socialist government has been the primary booster of a trend toward bigger business, and in 1966 formed the Industrial Reorganization Corporation to promote and help finance regroupings in industry. As it happens, the chief beneficiaries of the government-sponsored merger wave are groups of experts who act as brokers for companies in search of a good buy.

Most successful of these is five-year-old Chesham Amalgamations & Investments Ltd. Finding a proper fit for its 400 clients is arduous work, normally involving research into 4,000 prospects annually and resulting in a meager three mergers a month. Explains Chesham Director Nicholas Stacey: "Our job is to explore the field in which our client is interested and find the most suitable company for his needs. Then we negotiate and put a valuation on it for him. Finally, we stamp on our 'Good Housekeeping seal.'"

Beyond the Balance Sheet. Only recently has the need for Chesham-type professionalism been recognized in Britain. Unlike their American counterparts, few big businesses in England can afford to employ full-time experts on mergers and acquisitions. Often the merger is a part-time endeavor of a few executives who lack the necessary expertise beyond the balance sheet to understand the long-range implications of the match. For this reason, Stacey estimates that between 1948 and 1960 about one-half of Britain's mergers turned sour. "Happily," says Stacey, "golf-club gossip and chance encounters between principals of businesses are no

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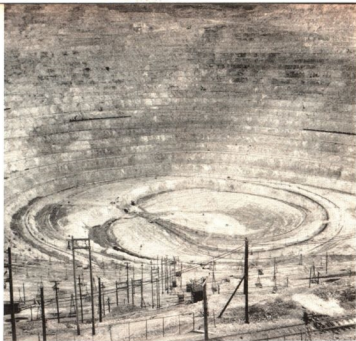


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STRIKEBOUND KENNECOTT MINE IN UTAH
No red in the red so far.

longer the recognized popular bases for mergers."

For the year 1966-67, Stacey reckons that his company has successfully concluded \$50 million worth of corporate mergers. Clients give Chesham 4% for the first \$1,000,000 paid for the acquired company, with a minimum of 1% for all amounts in excess of \$3,000,000. The outlook for the merger brokers is bright, for as Strathclyde University Professor K. J. Alexander puts it: "The curse of bigness has now been replaced by the cult of bigness." Consolidating the big, unwieldy corporations is only a start. England is still a country of almost cottage-size businesses whose copycat ways add little to the economy. A case in point: 48 manufacturers of electric blankets, pads and bed warmers produce 242 different models, and none of them makes much money. When the merger mood gets into full swing, those firms will be ripe.

METALS

Elusive Shortage

The worried forecasts of a copper shortage began appearing soon after 37,000 workers went on strike in mid-July at companies producing 90% of the nation's domestic supply. Just before Labor Day, no less an authority than Commerce Secretary Alexander Trowbridge gloomily predicted that it would be only "three to five weeks until we reach rock bottom of our supply." As the walkout dragged through its 14th week, the shortage remained as elusive as a settlement.

Hidden Stockpiles. Government and industry alike profess astonishment at the size of stockpiles in the hands of warehouses and fabricators. "Every time we try to get a fix on supplies, the

mills seem to have bigger inventories than before," says one Commerce Department copper expert. "Everybody thought people would run out of copper at least three weeks ago," adds Executive Vice President Charles Moore of the International Copper Research Institute, "but no one has."

So far, the walkout has cost the U.S. an estimated 450,000 tons, or 20% of last year's refinery output. As a result, many American buyers have turned to the London market and mopped up the 140,000-ton world surplus that had been anticipated this year. By last week, U.S. buying had driven copper prices on the London Metal Exchange up from 44½¢ a lb. to 50½¢ a lb. Most producers are surprised that the price has stayed that low; London copper prices normally gyrate on the flimsiest sort of news and early in 1966 they briefly hit a peak of 98½¢ a lb. In the U.S., where the prestrike price of copper from domestic mines was only 38½¢ a lb., users are shifting to metal from commercial channels at prices close to those in London. Citing that increased cost, Revere Copper & Brass, the major U.S. fabricator of nonferrous metals, lifted prices of most copper products by 2¢ a lb.

Sooner or later, if the walkout continues, the pinch will get worse. Although the U.S. produces a third of the world's copper, it consumes a bit more than that. The Government's 259,000-ton strategic stockpile, so far untouched despite the strike, equals less than a year's copper needs for defense.

Spreading Impact. In Utah, where Governor Calvin L. Rampton has twice intervened in the deadlocked negotiations between Kennecott Copper Corp., the nation's No. 1 producer, and the United Steelworkers union, the impact of the strike is spreading. Some equipment and chemical firms have laid off



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help, and state welfare officials are paying an estimated \$4,000 a day to idled workers, including some strikers. Sales have fallen among railroads and truckers, and banks report a substantial drop in the clearings and debits that reflect the pace of the state's economy.

EXECUTIVES

The Dean's New Desk

Many hard-driving, hard-driven businessmen dream of retiring to the academic life. Ernest C. Arbuckle, long-time dean of Stanford University's Graduate School of Business, has reversed the procedure by announcing that he will leave Stanford next July and get back to business. Next assign-

ROBERT A. ISAACS



ARBUCKLE AT MENLO PARK, CALIF., HOME
Well suited for the suite.

ment: the chairmanship of San Francisco's big (assets: \$4.57 billion) Wells Fargo Bank.

The dean's new desk will be no honorarium. The 115-year-old bank has risen to eleventh largest in the nation under Executive Committee Chairman Ransom M. Cook, 68, who gave up the chairmanship last fall, and current Chairman H. Stephen Chase, 64. When the two retire—Cook at year's end, Chase next May—Wells Fargo's reins will go to Arbuckle, 55, and Richard P. Cooley, who was appointed president and chief executive officer last November at the lean age of 42.

A businessman-scholar who agreed to go with Wells Fargo only after warning that "I'm not interested in any job that's not active," Arbuckle has more management experience than many men who have spent their whole careers in the executive suite. Himself a Stanford business-school graduate (class of 1936), Arbuckle started off with Stan-

dard Oil of California first as a personnel officer, later as an organization analyst—with time out for wartime Navy duty as a PT boat squadron commander (for which he won a silver star) and on General Lucius D. Clay's staff in occupied Germany. He later joined a statewide California dairy company, and in 1950 went to W. R. Grace & Co., where he became an executive vice president before moving to Stanford in 1958.

"Campus Renaissance." Then a small institution with a faculty of 29, and an annual budget of around \$500,000, the Stanford business school could hardly claim a topnotch national reputation. Now, while admitting that Harvard Business School "is still No. 1 in prestige," Arbuckle claims that "our students are every bit as good as theirs, and so is our faculty."

Whatever the ranking, Arbuckle has indeed worked a renaissance at the Palo Alto, Calif., campus. He set up a blue-ribbon council of outside advisers (among them: Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John W. Gardner), snared hefty foundation grants, nearly tripled the faculty (to 73), increased enrollment by more than 50% (625). He also broadened the curriculum to include ethics seminars and other subjects, built a vigorous research program from scratch. And what was once a California rich man's school also took on an international scope. Out of a conviction that Stanford "has an obligation to help management education develop in other countries," he set up a Stanford-run business school in Peru in 1964, has brought foreign students to 15% of total enrollment at home.

When he moves to the bank, Arbuckle's Stanford experience will therefore have more than academic relevance. Next to expansion of its 230-branch network at home, Wells Fargo is most eager to open new paths abroad.

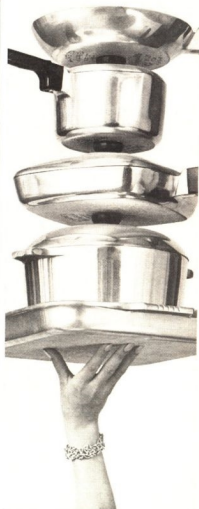
RAILROADS

Getting Closer

New York Central President Alfred E. Perlman was 55 when he and the late Robert R. Young began serious negotiations with Pennsylvania Railroad executives toward a merger of their lines. Next month Perlman will turn 65, nearing the expiration of his contract with the Central because of age—and still waiting for the Penn Central merger to occur. But at least he is getting closer. Last week, in the latest of a series of legal moves involving the Penn Central, a three-judge federal court in New York told Perlman and Pennsy Chairman Stuart Saunders that they could go ahead and merge.

There was—as in five earlier court battles over the merger—an important "it" to the order. The Penn Central merger has so far been vigorously opposed by other railroads that would be affected, and the judges ruled that three of them—the Erie Lackawanna, the

Did you know Textron is also Randall?



And its Wagner Magnalite cookware combines the even heat of thick castware with the lightness of an exclusive aluminum-magnesium alloy.

Did you know Textron is also Pittsburgh?



And Pittsburgh Steel Foundry and Machine is a leading manufacturer of the mills that make the aluminum foil that makes your life easier.

Boston & Maine, and the Delaware & Hudson—should be given immediate homes in the Norfolk & Western. The “if” was that the Norfolk & Western, which wants to hold off acquisition of the three until it has merged with the C. & O.-B. & O., has 15 days to appeal to the Supreme Court. N. & W. President Herman Pevler was noncommittal last week, but his railroad will probably appeal. If it does, regardless of the outcome, another six months may pass before the Penn Central merger can go through.

Apart from the Norfolk & Western, however, last week’s special court rul-

ing did at least clear away some legal complications surrounding the link of the Pennsy and Central into the nation’s biggest rail system. The court overruled protests by the city of Scranton, Pa., and unsuccessful Pennsylvania Gubernatorial Candidate Milton Shapp that the merger itself would be detrimental. And it left untouched an arrangement under which the Penn Central, if the ICC approves, would first lend \$25 million to the beleaguered New Haven to keep it going; the Penn Central would ultimately acquire the New Haven and maintain its red-inked passenger and freight services.

MILESTONES

Married. Jill St. John, 27, perennial starlet (*The Oscar*); and Jack Jones, 29, television and nightclub crooner; she for the third time (her last: Woolworth Heir Lance Reventlow), he for the second: in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Married. Mark W. Clark, 71, retired four-star general who orchestrated the Italian campaigns in World War II, later signed the Korean armistice as commander of U.N. forces, from 1954 to 1965 was president of South Carolina’s The Citadel military college; and Mary Millard Applegate, 51, longtime family friend; both for the second time (his wife and her husband died last year); in Charleston, S.C.

Died. Pu Yi, 61, last Emperor of China and from 1932 to 1945 Japan’s puppet ruler of Manchuria; of cancer; in Peking. Heir to the 300-year-old Ch’ing dynasty, the “Son of Heaven” was enthroned as Emperor in 1908 at the age of two, and cried throughout the ceremony. Four years later, his overthrow by Sun Yat-sen marked the fall of the world’s oldest empire. His life from then on was marked by three decades of royal fantasy, first as a virtual prisoner of the republican government in Peking’s Forbidden City, later as “Emperor” of Manchuria and frail front for the Japanese occupation. Captured by the Russians in 1945, he was eventually handed over to the Chinese Communists who allowed him to spend his last years back among the gardens and libraries in Peking.

Died. Frank Perkins, 79, founder of the world’s largest producer of diesel engines; after a long illness; in Peterborough, England. Inventor in 1932 of a fuel-injection device that gave higher diesel horsepower with much less weight, Perkins built his small shop into the giant of his field, with annual sales of \$980 million when he retired 30 years later.

Died. Friedrich Gogarten, 80, German theologian; of a heart attack; in Göttingen, Germany. An influential but

little-known force in the shifting tide of modern Protestantism, Gogarten first joined Karl Barth in the 1920s in a revolt against liberal Christianity, postulating a neo-orthodoxy that stressed the Biblical imperatives of God’s word to man. He retreated into seclusion when the Nazis took and twisted to their own ends his idea of a necessary link between theology and a dynamic social order. After the war, Gogarten backed Rudolf Bultmann’s demythologization of the Bible, and later argued, as had Dietrich Bonhoeffer, that secularization is a legitimate consequence of Christianity—that the church must march with history, accepting the knowledge science thrusts upon man.

Died. Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, 82, longtime editor (1920-60) of the Vatican newspaper *L’Osservatore Romano*; of pneumonia; in Vatican City. As the semiofficial voice of four Popes, Dalla Torre austere spelled out the church’s stand on the issues of the day, only rarely, but then effectively, airing his own views in the paper’s columns. His scathing editorials denouncing Fascism so enraged Mussolini that he ordered the paper banned from Rome, but Dalla Torre continued to smuggle out copies from his Vatican sanctuary, remaining one of the few Italian voices resisting the Axis.

Died. Shigeru Yoshida, 89, Premier of Japan in the rebuilding years from 1946 to 1954; of complications following a gall-bladder infection; in Oiso, Japan. “Criticism of Americans is a right accorded even to Americans,” Yoshida once wrote. “But in the enumeration of their faults we cannot include their occupation of Japan.” Stubby, acerbic and continually puffing cigars, he firmly steered his nation from the rubble of war through the U.S. occupation toward its emergence as a modern industrial democratic state. All along the way, he fended off attacks from both the Communist left and jingoist right, and by his retirement could point to prosperity, peace and friendship with the Western world.

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has more potential. Becomes more efficient. Is able to respond quickly to technological change. To plan far ahead. To develop new products.

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single one. And the Textron way permits us to put money where it works best for our shareholders. Return on our shareholders' equity reached a record 19.1% last year. Sales exceeded \$1 billion, with 80% of the yearly increase from internal growth. Our latest report tells the story... write for it.

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A New Kind of Company

Providence, Rhode Island

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Vivid Victoriana

Before he became a novelist, Thomas Hardy was an architect. Though he seldom practiced his profession, he never quite abandoned its principles. Like Victorian buildings, his books were sturdily constructed, gloomy, and based on strong, pseudo-classic foundations—mostly imitation Greek tragedy. The film of *Far from the Madding Crowd* remains faithful to that arrangement—and therein lie its virtues and flaws.

In the grassy, sheep-grazing country of "Wessex"—England's Dorsetshire—lives Bathsheba Everdene (Julie Christie), a typical calamity-prone Hardy heroine. Willful, flirtatious, she is pursued by men with names as solid as a Chippendale sideboard. They are Gabriel Oak (Alan Bates), an impoverished sheepman; Boldwood (Peter Finch), a strange, eroded landowner of whom people whisper, warns Bathsheba's servant girl, that "he has no passionate parts"; and Troy (Terence Stamp), a seducer-soldier who has his way with any lass who meets his come-hither eyes.

Spurning Oak, turning Boldwood into a racked, frustrated admirer, Bathsheba chooses Troy for her lover, and later for her husband. The marriage proves disastrous, and Troy disappears after the death in childbirth of a servant girl he had "ruined." When rumors of Troy's death reach Boldwood, he begs Bathsheba to reconsider his offer of marriage. Months later, at their engagement party, the wild-eyed Troy enters to repossess his wife. Boldwood guns down his rival and is taken to prison, leaving the way for Bathsheba and Oak, who has stood patiently in the wings until the melodrama played itself out.

The Hardy canon is filled with coincidences, fateful encounters and cataclysmic sexual passions, which lash the participants with an implacable frenzy. Of

his 14 novels, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, with its relatively happy ending, is probably the most adaptable to film—and, indeed, it went through two silent treatments. In this version, Screenwriter Frederic Raphael has managed to preserve the book's broad vision while clarifying its bucolic speech. His most valuable ally is Director John Schlesinger (*Darling*), who displays the best sense of Victorian time and place since David Lean in *Great Expectations*, alternating his stars with a brilliant cast of minor players who serve as a Greek chorus in tragicomic peasant roles.

Occasionally, Schlesinger betrays the work with anachronistic tricks—slow-motion footage or distorted lenses—and the film's stately pace sometimes grinds to a standstill. As Hardy did, Schlesinger relies on the countryside to give the story its character. Benign or brooding, the huge hillocks and gum-metal skies gradually engulf the people and dwarf even their grandest moments. At last, every object of admiration—including Julie Christie, whose sensual beauty has never been more sensuously photographed—is made to be only a mere and minor part of England's green, unpleasant land.

With *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Schlesinger and Raphael have become one of the film world's most adventurous new director-writer teams since Billy Wilder met I.A.L. Diamond. This is the more remarkable since their first collaboration, on *Darling*, was about as amiable as a guerrilla battle. Although the film eventually won three Oscars and made Julie Christie a major star, its director and writer disagreed so violently about the script that at one point they were not speaking. After 18 months of quarreling, Raphael flew off to Rome to begin a novel, returned to London only after a series of pleading phone calls from Schlesinger.

By temperament, they are unlikely partners. Affable but hard-driving, Schlesinger, 41, first started acting at Oxford, later became a television producer before moving on to films. He has been known to swear at his leading ladies—"and still does," says Christie. He has strong, sardonic opinions about cameramen ("as a race, pretty square") and actors ("seldom intelligent people"). Cambridge-educated Frederic Raphael, 36, is a quiet, introspective novelist who also earned his living in television, as a script writer, until he scored a movie success with his work on 1964's *Nothing But the Best*, a cheeky satire about a lowborn Londoner on the social climb. Although their Oxbridge education presumably included a glimpse at some of Hardy's work, they discovered *Far from the Madding Crowd* only when a cameraman gave them a copy during the shooting of *Darling*.

Schlesinger compares the process of collaboration to a tennis match, in which writer and director strain to return each other's ideas successfully. The rules of their game, however, are loose enough to let them try a few sets with others. Raphael wrote *Two for the Road* for Producer Stanley Donen; Schlesinger also plans to do his next film with the next quarrel, their partnership is a going concern; in the works are a film biography of Lord Byron and, possibly, a cinema version of *A Severed Head*, by Iris Murdoch—whose modern, mordant wit and bitchiness seem more in the writers' line than Hardy's gloomy romanticism.

Gallery of Grotesques

"There is a fort in the South where a few years ago a murder was committed." So begin both Carson McCullers' novel *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, and this film based on it. Thereafter the two follow divergent paths. In her book, love was a self-inflicted wound, and the South a theater of the absurd. Director John Huston spills the novel's poetry on the way to the screen, leav-



SCHLESINGER



CHRISTIE & BATES IN "MADDING CROWD"
Ever faithful to the pseudo-classic foundations.



RAPHAEL

For **K**entucky **T**avern the vintage year is the eighth. Kentucky Tavern is mellowed and pampered in the barrel until it sips smooth and easy.

It takes eight years for KT to have a flavor good enough to be worth what we have to ask for it.

There are other Bourbons that are sold when they're two, four or six years old.

They're not called Vintage Bourbon.
Kentucky Tavern is.



86 Proof and 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. © 1967

THE VINTAGE BOURBON

EIGHT YEAR OLD KENTUCKY TAVERN



BRANDO & TAYLOR IN "EYE"
More deadening than killing.

ing only its gothic husk and a gallery of grotesques.

At an Army base live a proud major (Marlon Brando) and his vain wife (Elizabeth Taylor). An inept husband and worse horseman, Brando is continually left at the post while Taylor goes riding with her lover (Brian Keith). Keith's wife (Julie Harris) is a housebound psychotic who he insists is normal until Taylor throws him one of the more memorable lines of her or anyone else's film career: "She cut off her nipples with a pair of garden shears—you call that normal? Garden shears!"

Harris is not alone in abnormality. Brando, it develops, is a latent homosexual. The unknowing object of his love is a virginal enlisted man who, in turn, is shyly in love with Taylor. Nightly, as Brando wanders outside, the soldier enters his house, steals up to Taylor's bedroom and watches her snooze until dawn; then the tame voyeur flees back to the barracks.

When she began *Reflections*, Author McCullers admitted, "I had no idea who was going to shoot whom." But where the book's suspense was killing, the movie's is merely deadening. Long before its violent conclusion, the audience has ceased to care about the hung-up characters. As a cracked Southern belle, Julie Harris is the only member of the cast who reflects the distinctive McCullers quality of loneliness and terror. The others are merely mannerists. All that remains praiseworthy is the film's extraordinary photographic technique. Seemingly shot in black and white, the picture is actually severely muted Technicolor. Thus from time to time, faded reds and golds seep through the images to give them an eerie, trance-like quality.

OLD MOVIES

Contemporized Classic

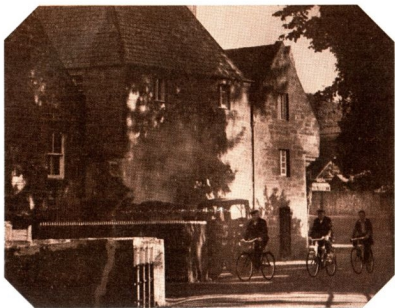
The pre-Hollywood superstars—Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Edwin Booth—survived in legend and, perhaps fortunately for them, their greatness has to be taken on faith by posterity. But Chaplin, Garbo, the Barrymores and other film greats survive on celluloid,

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



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SHOULD you be early enough coming off the high road to Elgin, you would catch sight of our workmen on their bicycles, ready to begin another day at McEwan. They relieve a smaller group which has been working through the night, for the

ways of whisky will not wait on man's convenience.

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A singular mellow softness

It is here we make the heart whisky of our Chequers Scotch. A spirit of a singular mellow softness, Chequers is now being despatched to America in restricted amount. Its availability may be determined from your barman or dealer. Or you may write to us if you desire.

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and in the movie houses or on TV's late, late shows, their legends are constantly up for review.

Once again, filmgoers have the chance to re-review two such fabled Hollywood performances: Clark Gable as Rhett Butler and Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara in David O. Selznick's *Gone With the Wind*. Since its gala 1939 premiere in Atlanta, *G.W.T.W.* has been seen by more than 295 million people and earned \$75 million in rentals for MGM. This month MGM re-released it for the fifth time, and already has advance bookings (at an average of \$3 per reserved-seat ticket) totaling \$1,000,000.

On the solid theory that audiences are now accustomed to spectacles that come with stereophonic sound on wide, wide screens, the studio has gone to great lengths to contemporize its classic. The print has been widened to accommodate 70-mm. screens, which unfortunately destroys the symmetry of Director Victor Fleming's compositions—notably by cutting off Gable's face above the hairline in closeups. Required to brush up the fading color on the original print frame by frame, studio technicians have done their job well, although there is still occasional blurring. Composer Max Steiner's original magnolia-lush score, however, sounds better than ever in a re-engineered six-channel stereo version.

To a generation sophisticated by Godard, Fellini and Bergman, *Gone With the Wind* may at times seem unbearably square. The lack of cinematic *vérité* palls during the film's long, unfocused second half. By the end of *G.W.T.W.*, Melanie's eternal benevolence, as faithfully enacted by Olivia de Havilland (the last surviving star of the film), is almost insufferably cloying. Still, the sweep and power of the story are there, the burning of Atlanta remains one of the finest battle scenes ever filmed, Gable never played Gable better, and never was the glowing ideal, or illusion, of fiery Southern girlhood better embodied than by Vivien Leigh.



"G.W.T.W." AT 1939 ATLANTA PREMIERE
Mostly all still there.

Who will manage the man on the moon?



The men in charge of change. Are you talking with them?

Aerospace: a \$24.2 billion industry (mainly 25 customers), 11,342 FORTUNE subscribers. Huge sums, spent by few people, whose main need is FORTUNE's product: early knowledge.

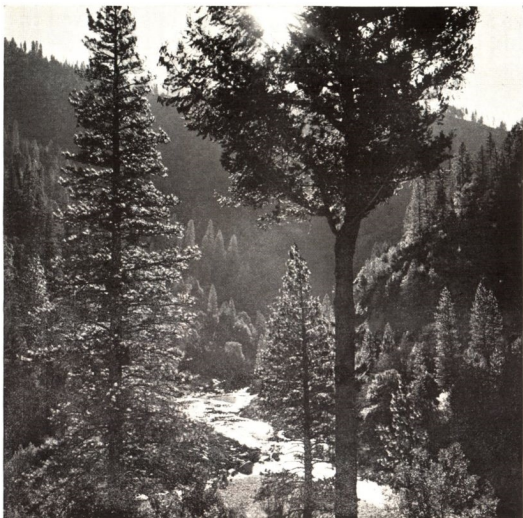
Whatever is done in aerospace, these are the men who do it. And to do it they must not only know what *has* happened and what *is* happening but what *could* and *should* happen—in their own industry and across the full spectrum of change.

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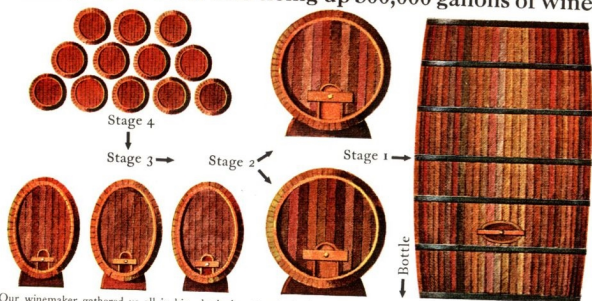
ton, Oregon and Idaho communities. Either by rail, piggyback, or our own trucks. Whatever's best. We do it all at published distributive rates which save you 11% to 89% over other methods. And if needed, in-transit storage can be arranged, too.

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This is the way to run a railroad. This is the way we run the Northern Pacific.



Five years ago, Great Western's winemaker talked the managing director into tying up 500,000 gallons of wine.



Our winemaker gathered us all in his lab and stated his case.

As good as our Great Western sherries and ports were, they weren't as good as he thought they could be.

Without waiting for comments, he pulled out his blackboard, picked up some chalk and drew a row of casks, each one bigger than the one before.

Imagine this as hundreds of casks of oak, he said, and you'll see what they call a Solera. It's one part of the process the Spaniards and Portuguese use to make their sherries and ports. It's the way we'll make ours great.

In the simplest of terms, he went on, the Solera process is a mixture of three things that will give our sherries and ports the tastes the imports have owned for years.

The idea is to blend the wine and let it age in oak casks.

The casks start small and end big. By moving the wines into bigger and bigger casks each year, we'll slow down and control the wine's ageing in the most natural way we can, and this will show in the smoothness of the ports and sherries we produce.

But the most important thing to our winemaker wasn't the casks themselves. It was something he and whoever helped him would do.

As he'd move the wine into bigger casks each year after the first, he would leave half of the wine back in the cask to marry and mellow the younger wine

he had put in. And, the more years he would run the Solera, the older and better each of our Great Western sherries and ports would be.

Then turning to our managing director, he told us the hitch.

In order for us to produce the Solera sherries and ports, we would have to coop (fit quarter-sawn staves of oak by hand to the shape of the cask) hundreds of casks to add to the casks we had, build tiers for them all in several of our buildings, press a total of 500,000 gallons of wine and wait five years before we could bottle a drop.

By the time our winemaker had finished his talk, the blackboard was white and most of us were ashen.

Now we knew the cooping was no problem (we've been lucky enough to

have men at Great Western who have kept the art alive).

Getting the buildings ready was just a matter of time.

It was the five year wait and the staggering inventory that troubled us most of all. And understandably so.

But our managing director tends to take more notice of the tastes of our wines than the problems involved in production, so he gave the nod to our winemaker and said he could start the Solera.

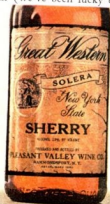
Last spring, we were called back to our winemaker's lab. On the table were five glasses of wine. The first of our Solera sherries and ports.

There was a rich, mellow fullness. It was a longer taste with a soft warmth that stayed from its first touch on the tongue through the swallow and then the exhale. It had all the oak's nuttiness, too, that lives so well in sherries and ports.

Because of the way we make them, our Solera ports and sherries will get better and better the longer we make them.

But even right now, you'll be hard put to find at the price, or even at three times the price, ports and sherries that taste like the ones our winemaker's just finished making.

Try one tonight. And if you agree that the five-year wait has been worth it, drop our managing director a note. He'll probably post it for us to read.



Great Western Solera Sherry, Dry Cocktail Sherry, Cream Sherry, Port and Tawny Port. Five of the family of Great Western New York State wines and champagnes. Produced since 1860 by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company of Hammondsport, New York.

BOOKS

Sex & the Singular Geis

Any book publisher is lucky to get one bestseller out of every 100 titles he prints. But Bernard Geis isn't just any. He manufactures bestsellers, frequently by latching on to sexy manuscripts and spending huge amounts of money on ballyhoo. Thus Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*, a vulgar chronicle of three female predators on the make in Hollywood, sold more than 350,000 hard-cover copies and 6,000,000 more in paperback. Helen Gurley Brown's guide for swingers, *Sex and the Single Girl*, sold about 2,500,000 copies. In each case, Geis, assisted by his promotion department, a fetching blonde named Letty Cottin Pogrebin, spent more than \$80,000 on advertising.

When Geis cannot find a manuscript to promote, he orders one up to specifications. His latest product is a novel, *The Exhibitionist*, by Henry Sutton. Geis has already sold the paperback rights for \$250,000 and has printed 90,000 hard-cover copies in anticipation of the great rush.

Dancing with Daddy. *The Exhibitionist* is the story of a beautiful film starlet, Merry Houseman, whose father is a fading movie idol. The plot is hardly original. Merry is an oversexed girl in search of herself, but she looks mostly in other people's beds. What she finds there is a variety of sexual activity ranging from earnest fornication through onanism, homosexuality, and—since these pursuits are so familiar to fiction nowadays—some rather esoteric variations. The denouement takes place at a masked ball, where the participants shed everything but their masks. And who should end up dancing together but Merry Houseman and her daddy.

The Exhibitionist precisely fulfills Geis's dictum that a story about seemingly real celebrities will sell big, especially if it is crammed with sex. Both Geis and Author Henry Sutton, a *nom de plume* for David Slavitt, 32, are careful not to suggest that the novel's characters are based on anybody in particular, but the readers are obviously incited to guess; after all, there are not too many young movie actresses around whose fathers are aging screen stars.

Case in Point. Let people think that he is promoting pop pornography, Geis explains solemnly that "there's quite a distinction between pornography and erotic literature. We are not publishing a string of sexual scenes for the sake of titillation." For what other purpose then? Says Geis: "There is a perfectly legitimate public curiosity about what goes on behind the scenes." Not that people really find out what goes on in the Geis version of the *roman à clef*. The formula does not require that the novel be based even loosely on truth or, for that matter, on gossip.

The Exhibitionist is a case in point. Geis, who had read a book review writ-

ten by Slavitt, wrote him a letter inviting him to do a novel. Slavitt was puzzled by the attention. He was a former *Newsweek* writer who had quit to try fiction and poetry (sample lines from a poem called *Variations on an Ancient Theme*: "fella farms while frigatons/ferries fangots featly"), but had not found much of a market. Geis saw possibilities in him that others missed, and over an expensive lunch, the publisher laid out his design. Next, he supplied the author with a \$10,000 advance and gave him what he calls his Jim Dandy Writer's Kit, a sheaf of articles on the novel by several critics,

four others quit the firm, some of them claiming that the new trend of the business offended their literary sensibilities. Random House Chairman Bennett Cerf, who hitherto had distributed most of the Geis list, read *The Exhibitionist* and sent it back, declaring that "I wouldn't touch it with a 40-ft. pole."

Moreover, the patented bestseller formula can miss. Morton Cooper's *The King*, a thinly disguised peek at Frank Sinatra, sold briskly enough but only nicked the bestseller list. These reverses have not affected Geis's self-assurance. He can point out that of 78 books published by his firm in the past eight years, 17 have been bestsellers. It is possible that *The Exhibitionist* will be No. 18. And No. 19? Well, Author Sutton-



PUBLISHER GEIS



PROMOTER POGREBIN

Everything is just Jim Dandy.

among them Mary McCarthy and Norman Podhoretz, in effect advising a heady mixture of fact and fiction. Slavitt took 20 weeks to put down the 100,000 words specified in the contract.

Developing a Leer. Not all of Geis's output panders to the prurient. A former editor for *Esquire* and Grosset & Dunlap, he established the House of Bernard Geis Assoc. in 1959 with a different notion in mind. His partners included some Diners' Club executives, such celebrities as Groucho Marx, Art Linkletter, and TV Producers John Guedel and Ralph Edwards. Their books were conventionally commercial at the start: Max Shulman's *I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf* (400,000 copies in hard and soft cover), Harry Truman's *Mr. Citizen* (230,000), Linkletter's *The Secret World of Kids* (925,000). But more and more, the Geis market technique developed a leer. Typical was Lita Gray Chaplin's *My Life with Charlie*, a laboriously tasteless account of Chaplin's second marriage.

Gradually, Geis's partners became disaffected, and Marx, Linkletter and

Slavitt is already at work on another Geis special. It will detail the adventures of one Grant Gilbert, publisher of a girlie magazine called *Tom Cat*. Title: *The Voyeur*. At least, it beats frigatons ferrying fangots featly.

The Devil in Moscow

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA by Mikhail Bulgakov, translated by Michael Glenny. 394 pages. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA by Mikhail Bulgakov, translated by Mirra Ginsburg. 402 pages. Grove Press. \$5.95.

Out of atheist Russia, a Bible story! After more than a quarter of a century of suppression, *The Master and Margarita*, by Soviet Novelist Mikhail Bulgakov, has surfaced as a magazine serial in Russia, and in two translations in the U.S. The full text is published by Harper & Row, and the cut-down Russian version by Grove Press. Doubtless the U.S. publishers are right in claiming that the novel is "the most talked-about literary work in Russia today." Bulgakov, who died in 1940, is



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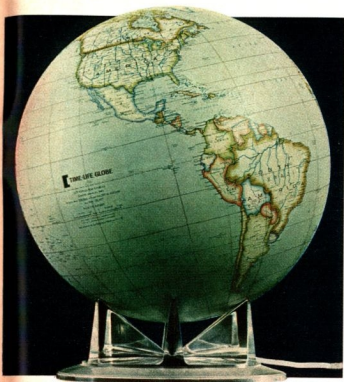
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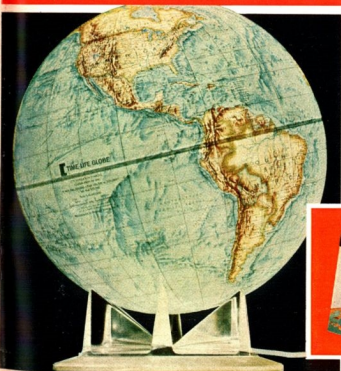
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officially described in the Soviet Encyclopaedia as "a slanderer of Soviet reality." The work can now be seen for what it is: a serio-comic parable of great satiric force that draws its strength from a source still unacceptable in Russia—the Scriptures.

The Cat's Whiskers. The book covers only four days in the '20s and '30s, and tells of a limited group of Soviet citizens—a handful of writers and professionals in the arts. But it raises sharper and more painful questions about Communism than does Pasternak's lugubrious historical panorama in *Doctor Zhivago*. Bulgakov's theme is political power as an adversary of human goodness. He uses a diabolic apparition that descends on Moscow to expose the cor-

over by the Devil and his attendant demiurges. These take their supernatural business for granted, while, in contrast, many plain Soviet citizens are deprived of their Marxist grasp of material reality by the apparition of the Devil, and behave like lunatics. First the poet, then assorted officials, unhinged by their attempts to explain the inexplicable, wind up in the psychiatric center.

Commissar Pilate. Bulgakov's novel is highly complicated, though there is consistency within the fantasy. He has succeeded in bringing the fear endemic to life under Stalin to a level where it can be borne—as excruciating comedy. Yet, while entertained by the absurd carryings-on of the Devil in Moscow, the reader is also made aware that grave matters of eternal importance are being decided behind the showy fireworks.

These matters are focused on a vaguely Faustlike figure. He is a reject from the Soviet system, a solitary, unpublished author known as the Master, who has written a novel probing into the conscience of Pontius Pilate. The point will not be lost on Soviet readers who have been impotent witnesses of so many show trials at which innocent men have been condemned.

Satan seizes the Master's manuscript and, in the Communist manner, proceeds to rewrite history. He allows the Biblical Pilate the satisfaction of killing Judas, and the further mercy of believing that the Crucifixion never took place at all. Thus does the Devil bless mankind by giving it a comfortable lie by which to live. The Master can forget his obsession and remains in peace with his beautiful mistress Margarita (who has given up a promising career as a witch for his sake). But Bulgakov makes clear his own belief: Pilate's guilt, an expedient cowardice that allows power to destroy good men, still lies on Russia.

Bulgakov's last irony is a tortured one supported by an epigraph from Goethe's *Faust*, to the effect that the Devil is the force that "wills forever evil yet does forever good." The Communist road of good intentions gives way to the hell of Soviet reality; this is Bulgakov's message—the essence of his "slander."

Reaching for Manhood

CAUGHT IN THAT MUSIC by Seymour Epstein. 307 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

All too often, a novel of distinction gets lost in the munching, crunching echoes of promotion and ballyhoo. It would be a shame if such were to be the case with this book, which looks like the sleeper of the season.

The story is soberly but evocatively set in middle-class New York City in the late 1930s—when double-decker buses still charged up Fifth Avenue and Danish pastry was as big as fielders' gloves; when the words "new" and "guild" and "theater" and "group" and "league" were always appearing in histrionic combinations on the drama



DUST JACKET OF "THE MASTER"
Consistency within the fantasy.

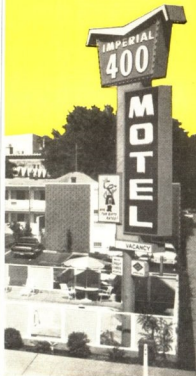
ruption of those who play their assigned roles in Communist society.

A poet named Bezdomny has brilliantly executed a commission, a poem on Christ, but although it is correctly derivative, his work commits the error of assuming that Christ actually existed. Bezdomny's editor, Berlioz, is straightening out his tame poet on his shaky ideology when the Devil arrives to straighten them both out. Beautifully dressed, learned and well-spoken (the Prince of Darkness being a gentleman), Satan is amused by their respectable atheism. To teach them a lesson about his powers—and about the reality of the supernatural—he turns soothsayer and predicts that the editor will be headed by a woman. The Devil saunters off, accompanied by a scarecrow figure in checked trousers and a cat "the size of a pig, black as soot and with luxuriant cavalry officer's whiskers." The prophecy is quickly fulfilled when the editor is decapitated under a streetcar driven by a woman.

From this point onward, Bulgakov's novel fans out into a frenzy of manic action in which Moscow is virtually taken

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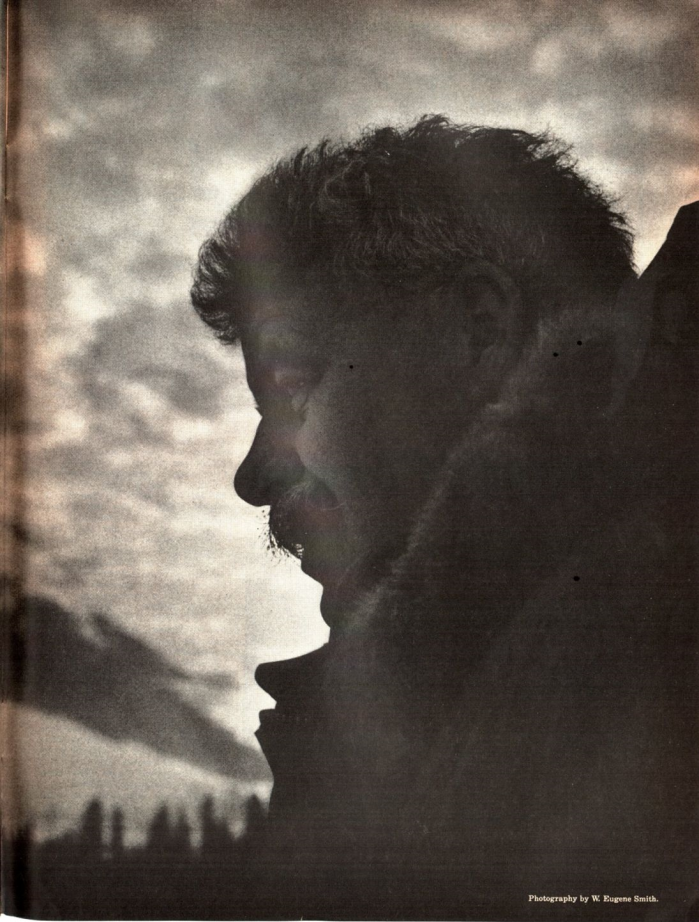
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SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

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pages; when "reasonable" men were still hoping that Hitler and Mussolini would turn out to be reasonable too.

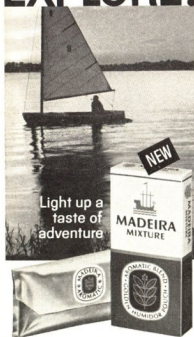
Be Wary. Caught up in the beat of his time is Jonas Gould, an athletic and good-looking young Bronxite, working as a printer's apprentice. Reaching for adulthood but not yet firmly grasping it, Jonas at 21 must confront the relevance of a world bound for war with his own personal fate. The burden of this novel is Jonas' growing realization that though he may not know quite what he wants for himself, he must be wary of all who seem to know exactly what they want from him.

His chess-playing father wants him to seek intellectual fulfillment. His sister wants him to endorse her choice of husband, a dull, minispirited C.P.A. His friend, a sick medical student, wants Jonas to make his decisions for him. His girl friend, a married actress, wants him to accept both her artistic pretensions and Stalinist politics. Even his boss, a self-made bundle of problems, wants him to deter his daughter from the path of sexual deviation.

Kitchen Realism. Finally, Jonas decides that all of these relationships are a barrier "separating the two halves of his life." To become a whole man on his own terms he enlists in the army. The move may seem rather quaint to some readers today—but Jonas says that to end his adolescence, he must break with his narrow past and find the courage to fight for his own future.

Author Epstein, whose 1964 book *Leah* was a controlled whisper of a novel, is one of those rarities in American letters—the completely rounded writer, capable of handling the counterpoint that is this theme necessitates. If his method is kitchen realism (down to the whirring refrigerator), his manner is as fine as the tinkle of dining room

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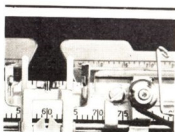
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Short Notices

A **BAD MAN** by Stanley Elkin. 336 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

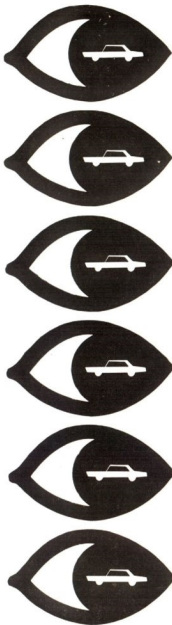
This is the work of a first-rate pyrotechnician with nothing to celebrate. Author Elkin's un-hero is Leo Feldman, who turns the basement of his department store into a wish factory, where his customers can get a fix, or a whore, or a gun, or an orgy. "There's a king's ransom," he explains, "in other people's dreams." So far, so good, in a black-humored sort of way. But then Feldman is sent to a Kafkaesque penitentiary, where he is robbed, brutalized, humiliated. He makes no protest—he is a "felled man." Not since *Pilgrim's Progress* have names been so cheerlessly symbolical; other examples are Dedman, Freedman, Flesh, Butt and Slipper. As the indignities to Feldman mount, Author Elkin's descriptions become more methodically disgusting. Despite his gift for sharp dialogue, wild humor and satiric satire he leaves the reader with an exasperating feeling of emptiness.

NO PLACE FOR AN ANGEL by Elizabeth Spencer. 305 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

There are certain characters in current U.S. fiction who just won't go away. One is the power-mad, philandering big shot in Washington, who can get things done for a prominent Senator. In this novel, he is the handsome Texas politico, Jerry Sasser, who marries the oil-rich home-town girl; it takes just about the whole book before he sees himself for the callous climber he really is. His wife Catherine is reduced to begging him just for once not to sleep with that little airline hostess.

Then there is the fellow who moves from one job and one country to another, with plenty of money but no time for his kids. In this instance, he is Charles Waddell, a foreign aid biggie, who makes a bad move in Cairo, is cuckolded in Italy, but grits his teeth and doesn't rock the boat. His wife knows everyone worth knowing and goes to all the right parties; only when she is past 40 does she begin to question her merry-go-round existence.

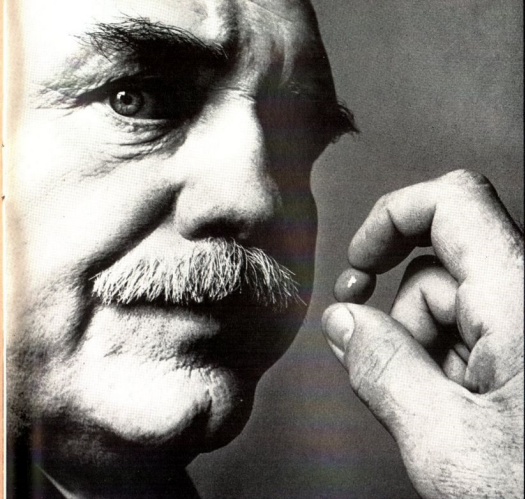
What makes this book notable is that its author is Elizabeth Spencer, who in her past work (*The Voice at the Back Door*, *The Light in the Piazza*) proved herself one of the best novelists among the many women now practicing the art. She has never been dull, never resorted to clichés and always made her stories move with sure grace and precision. *No Place for an Angel* may only be a temporary lapse.



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